THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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UNDINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EDITH BOUTILER.

In the quiet crystal chambers,
'Neath the water's glassy breast,
All the new-born soul within me
Thrilling with a wild unrest;
Weeping late and yearning ever
O'er the time when as a wife
Huldibrand, my king, my lover,
Crowned with bliss immortal, life.

And the wavelets break above me,
And the waters ebb and flow,
While between the rocky arches
Water spirits come and go;
Undines fair in form and feature,
Wanting but the sense divine,
Needing but the soul to give them
All they have not, yet is mine.

Was it I, my hero husband,
I who kissed away thy breath?
I who on those loved features
Laid the chilling seal of death?
Though I but obeyed a power
Stronger, mightier than mine own,
And a will that has compelled me
To exist alone—alone.

But around thy grassy pillow
Shall my misty form entwine,
In the shape 'twas wont to linger
E'er my life was blent with thine,
And my tears the spot shall freshen,
Where exempt from mortal strife,
Lies the dear one who created
All the glory of a life.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

WILFRED COMMANDED TO MARRY HIS COUSIN.

Wilfred found his way back to Fairholme Priors he did not know how. It seemed to be the result of a matter of course. Perhaps the horse knew his way, perhaps the way was direct, perhaps—what did it signify. He found himself back at Fairholme Priors.

Returned there, with a face and a form in his eyes, his mind, with a pair of large orbs and a wondrously sweet and innocent face resting—no—reposing—no fluttering, nestling—but fluttering in his heart.

Still the face was but vaguely in his vision. He had first witnessed it only in the lurid glare of a flash of lightning; next, darting to and fro like a white dove soaring while he was in a condition of no little excitement, and it had vanished before he had recovered his breath.

Yet he had seen it again, and plainly, though only for a moment, when, for his life's sake, and for her life's sake, she bade him fly from her.

That moment was sufficient to settle in his mind the claim of Gabrielle Luttrell upon his hand forever.

He decided that he would lose no time in proving to her, that in terminating his share in the contract of betrothal the moment that he felt it his duty to do so, he was acting in good faith, and with perfect uprightness.

Indeed, before he saw the towers of Fairholme Priors, as he unconsciously and instinctively galloped towards them, he sketched out a number of plans more fertile in conception than practicable in execution, and resolved upon effecting wonderful things.

One was that he would master the solution of what, as yet, was to him an inexplicable mystery—namely, that Mark Jarrett should, on learning his name, attempt to take the life which a few minutes previously had been permitted to protect his own.

No doubt his father held the key to it, and he determined to ask him for it. He knew that his father was not to be familiarly approached; but he felt sure when the remarkable circumstances which had just happened were laid before him, with all the thrilling accessories, he would, of course, make a clean breast of all he knew in the matter.

That accomplished, the next thing to be done was to seek a private interview with Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

In the first place that could not be an impossible feat. By hook or by crook, by fair means or questionable, easily, or with supreme difficulty, even with desperate danger, it could be accomplished, and he would accomplish it.

In private, if it could be managed; if not, in public. Ay, in the face of day—before the whole world! What had he to fear from the face of day? What cared he for the whole world, even if it were concentrated in the person of the sternest tyrant, having but one name, and that Day!

Then he intended also—but the paradise of Proserpine is known by somebody to be paved with good intentions, and as there turned out to be a very serious difference between the promise and the performance of his good intents, we may leave them to develop themselves, and show what circumstances attended them.

It fell out that his father neither overtook him nor met him, for on proceeding to Mark Jarrett's Grange, he took the direct route, and returned by it. Willy, on the contrary, by accident, pitched upon a near cross-country track, shut out all considerations of trespass from his mind, galloped over cultivated lands recklessly, and leaped any obstacle, in the shape of hedge or gate, that came in his way.

Mr. Rokeby, not having obtained a glimpse of Wilfred, and finding the bleak, black-looking Grange silent, closed, and deserted, and having elicited from Tibshelf that Mr. Wilfred had not said he intended to proceed thither, that he had, in fact, simply asked where it was situated, not having apparently any previous knowledge of it, concluded that his son had not been to the Grange—had not, in fact, made any attempt to visit it—and, therefore, it would be merely necessary to give him in general terms a warning always to avoid it.

MR. ROKEBY COMMANDS OBEDIENCE.

But he resolved to see him on his return, or early on the following morning, for he had a serious affair to discuss with him.

The following morning it was bound to be, for on learning that Wilfred had come back to the Priors, Mrs. Rokeby summoned him to her, displayed so much joy at having him again at her side, that she would only permit him to quit her to dress for dinner, and then she retained him by her side, and did not part with him until he retired to his chamber for the night.

She had conducted him, on his arrival from the Grange, to her stables, which were a model of what hunting stables should be. She descanted on the merits of her favorite steeds, which had each some striking name, and were all pets; related wondrous stories of her achievements with each animal, and the wonders she had done in some of the hardest and longest days' runs known in the history of the Hunt.

But never once from her lips dropped the name of Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

A thousand times it trembled on Wilfred's, but something withheld him from uttering it; something in what his Cousin Gabrielle had said in reference to the rivalry between his mother and the mysterious girl, and much, perhaps even more, the stinging irony of Gabrielle's expression of feature as she alluded to it, determined him.

At dinner, the Earl of Marston, Colonel Waldron, and several other gentlemen, as well as ladies, who were present, discoursed much upon the ensuing "meet;" discussed former great days, and anticipated greater, but not a word respecting Mark Jarrett's Daisy caught Wilfred's expectant ear.

He observed that the Earl of Marston was somewhat marked in his attention to Gabrielle, and he felt pleased; betrayed it, indeed, to her secret and bitter mortification; but he was contented himself.

When the cloth was cleared, and the ladies had retired, the hunting field was still the theme; horses and dogs, foxes and fences, brooks and gaps, the burden of the talk, but, strangely to him, not a word about Mark Jarrett's Daisy. At last he was glad to retire to his rooms, in order that he might indulge in reveries concerning the mysterious young person who, in his estimation, had the very loveliest face in the world.

Imagination is a treacherous counsellor, and Wilfred under its influence, worked himself up into an unreasoning passion for "the Daisy," without having learned one satisfactory circumstance connected with her history. It was enough for him that his fertile mind invested her person with every beauty and grace that had ever been bestowed on the fairest of her sex, and he was as convinced as if it had been proved to demonstration that her intellect was as bright and intelligent, and her accomplishments as varied and excellent, as he could desire them to be.

"All" that he had to do was to ascertain who she really was, for her cognomen was, to say the best of it, rather indeterminate, whether her heart was free, and if she could be brought to return his really genuine, unmixed attachment.

Beyond that, he admitted to himself that all was chaos.

"All!" Indeed, it was a very grave "all," he had to face at the outset.

He had breakfasted in his own room and enjoyed the discussion of his own thoughts. They were rosy enough, for youth is always sanguine, and Wil was one who believed that where there was a will there was a way. In the middle of them he was summoned to attend his father in the latter's *sanctum sanctorum*. This was a room adjoining his library, and one in which he passed the greater portion of his day.

Wilfred had intended to present himself to him immediately on his arrival, for it was nearly three years since they had parted, but had been prevented by his mother, as we have seen. As Mr. Rokeby did not join the dinner-party, Wilfred had not even seen him when he received his summons.

He knew him to be a cold, austere man, with a frigid, haughty, distant, imperious manner. He had been accustomed to treat Wilfred as a vassal, and had dictated his actions, not suggested or counselled them.

Wilfred, therefore, set himself in order, arranged his features to the necessary degree of solemnity, assumed a staid demeanor not at all natural to him, and walked with a dignified step into the room.

Mr. Rokeby was standing in its centre, and the light which fell upon his face revealed to Willy signs of care and mental suffering, which pained him greatly. His heart sprang to his lips, and he felt like rushing into his father's arms; but they were not outspread, and the countenance before him looked formal and unsympathetic. He, therefore, bent low, as he advanced, and said, in a quiet tone—

"I am very, very glad to see you again, sir. I wish I could say that I am also delighted to find you in excellent health."

"Give me your hand, Will, and cast away your formality," abruptly retured Mr. Rokeby, in a voice which electrified him. At the same time, he extended both his hands, adding, "Such should not be the greeting between a father and son who have been long parted, and who love each other."

"My dear father!" cried Wil, with a burst of enthusiasm, as he caught the thin white hands tendered him, and pressed them ardently.

For a moment there was an expressive silence. The eyelids of both were filled with tears, which were more eloquent than any words.

Mr. Rokeby, however, quickly shook off his sudden, and, to Wil, quite unexpected weakness, and at once put a series of questions to him respecting his proceedings during his absence, and upwards of an hour passed thus very agreeably.

Some reader, perhaps, has seen a serene sky, apparently cloudless, lending its azure hue to the still sea beneath it, and at an unlooked-for moment has been startled by a flash of lurid fire in the blue vault, where not a fleecy speck had been previously visible, followed closely by a loud and stormy burst of thunder.

Such an effect was suddenly produced by his father in the most abrupt manner leaping to his feet and exclaiming—

"It is my intention, Willy, to set my house in order; my resolve to enter the world again, and continue in its mad whirl, until an object—a duty, a mission—it matters not what term it most fittingly wears—I am bound to bring to a conclusion is performed. I will begin with you, Wil. You will make immediate preparations for a marriage with your cousin, Gabrielle Luttrell."

"Gabrielle Lutrell!" gasped Wilfred, almost deprived of speech by the sudden announcement, and unknowing what he said.

"Gabrielle Luttrell, your cousin," replied his father, with emphasis. "You have not forgotten that you are betrothed."

"Not forgotten it, sir," responded Wilfred, making an effort upon his self-command. "But the contract was made when we were mere infants."

"What of that?" inquired his father, elevating his eyebrows.

"We were neither of us consulted on the matter," he urged, objectively.

"It was quite unnecessary, Wil," rejoined his father.

"But, sir, marriage is the most important step in the life of man or woman," persisted Wilfred, rousing up and beginning to think that, after all, the opportunity was better than he had at first thought it.

"Not always," answered his father, dryly.

"At all events, I think so," he proceeded, "and so does my Cousin Gabrielle."

His father started, and gazed inquiringly at him.

"You have been conversing together upon the subject, I presume," he said, slowly.

"We have, sir," returned Wilfred, promptly.

"With what result?" he interrogated, quietly.

Wilfred hesitated for a moment. He looked up at his father's countenance—it was not more reassuring than his tone. He twisted his young moustache between the tips of his thumb and finger, and at length he returned, evasively—

"We are both agreed, sir."

"Agreed to what?" sharply demanded his father.

Then his pledged word to Gabrielle flashed through his mind. He remembered that he had promised to keep secret her assent to the annulment of their contract, providing one or other desired to secede from it, until she absolved him.

Anything he could say in reference to their mutual arrangement to consider themselves both free from their betrothal promised to compromise his engaged word to her, and, therefore, he was obliged to cast about for his answer. It was not until his father had repeated his question, angrily, and suspiciously, that he stammered—

"Agreed that marriage is a very important event."

"Tush!" ejaculated his father, impatiently. "That is a point not in dispute. You are bound to marry Gabrielle Luttrell, and she is equally bound to take you for her husband."

"Suppose she should object?" he ventured, a little faintly.

Mr. Rokeby laughed, derisively.

"It is the wildest of suppositions," he returned. "She dare not, she cannot. It is out of her power."

"Yet," pressed Wilfred, not perceiving the effect of his remark. "I thought I saw last evening—I fancied, sir, that the Earl of Marston paid her marked attention—"

"Nothing!" ejaculated his father, as if he considered the point of no moment.

"And I think I am not deceived in my belief that those attentions are not exactly unacceptable to her," he pressed, rather solicitously.

"You must see that they cease," answered his father, coldly, and with a curling lip.

"But, sir, supposing that Gabrielle should have fallen in love with him," persisted Wilfred, urgently.

"So much the worse for you, Wil," replied his father, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You must interpose at once. Inform the earl that Belle is immediately about to become your wife, and there will be an end of it."

"By no means, sir," objected Wil, and growing excited. "Gabrielle may refuse to be bound by a contract in which she took no part whatever. She may decide to accept the earl. It would be a higher, more advantageous match for her than if she were to accept me; and it would be the most natural thing in the world for her to give her hand with her heart, when her personal interests are so favorably allied with her affections."

"Her freedom of action does not enter into the question at all. It is as compulsory upon her to marry you as for you to marry her. She will not be requested; she will be commanded, if she express the slightest disinclination," responded his father, in so determined a tone it sent a thrill through every nerve in his body.

Presently he returned to the charge, but with a falling brow.

"If she were resolutely to decline to unite herself to me, you would not coerce her. You could not, you dare not—it would be tyranny, it would be against the law."

"She will have to bend to a higher law," rejoined his father, emphatically. "Fear nothing, Wil. She will consent quickly enough to become your wife after an interview I am about to have with her—fortunately this morning.

Wil feared the result of that interview, at least; and so decided to shift his ground.

"After all, sir," he said, adopting a resolute tone and manner, "I do not think it quite the thing—I doubt if it be manly—to throw the burden of suppositious objections on my Cousin Gabrielle. I may as well say that *I* object to a contract which binds me to a tie which may destroy my earthly happiness, and in which I have had no voice. I, therefore, on my part, declare that I do not consider the betrothal in any way binding on me. I assert my freedom of action. I, for the present, decline the hand of my Cousin Gabrielle. I refuse to look upon her as my future wife, and most undoubtedly will not marry her, unless I feel convinced that I love her better than any other woman in the whole world, and that without a modification she reciprocates my affection."

His father listened to him, at first with intense amazement, then with the mien of one who was suffering an unendurable spasm, which threatened to deprive him of his life. He glanced at him speechlessly; for a moment or so his hand opened, and talon-like, clutched at his chest, as if he would tear the flesh from it in strips, and then he gasped out, violently—

"In this you are my bond-slave, my serf, my dog—my anything."

"No," returned Wilfred, with sudden indignation; "ten thousand times, no!"

His father strode to the window, threw open one of its folding doors, and glanced up at the sky. A large bird was slowly sailing across it. He pointed to it, and forcing his words between his white, parched lips, he cried—

"See yonder bird. It has will, it has freedom, it has a purpose; it is proceeding to a destination by an effort of its will. But I control that will—I—I—I—"

With that he caught up a gun, which was leaning against a high-backed chair, raised it to his shoulder, and took an aim at the bird. A bust of red flame and a loud explosion from the gun was followed by the bird forming a forward and downward curve, and falling to the earth dead.

He turned to his son, as he threw his gun into the place whence he had taken it, and said, with a curling lip—

"Such is the power I wield over you. I will prove it. Gabrielle shall join us—"

"But, sir," interposed Wilfred, with his face aflame with indignation at this blow to his independence and self-respect.

"Not a word, sir," he interrupted, violently. "Gabrielle shall attend us. You shall join hands before me, and take a mutual oath to be united in marriage at a date I shall name."

"Never!" ejaculated Wilfred, passionately.

Mr. Rokeby tossed up both his clenched hands in the air, then ran to a bell-rope, and pulled it so furiously that it was almost immediately answered.

"Request Miss Luttrell to attend me here instantly," he exclaimed, in a peremptory tone, to the servant.

"Miss Luttrell, sir," echoed the man.

"Miss Luttrell, fool," he repeated, elevating his voice. "Say I am waiting for her, and that her immediate presence is of the utmost importance."

"Miss Luttrell is out riding, sir," objected the man.

"Out with whom?" he demanded, hastily.

"With the Earl of Marston, if you please, sir."

Mr. Rokeby looked at his son, who, with pale face, folded arms, and erect mien, stood prepared to fight this battle out. He saw a derisive smile curl his lip, and then he turned angrily to the man, and said, impetuously—

"But they are not alone! Who make up the party?"

"Only my lady, sir, and my Lord Belvoir."

Mr. Rokeby staggered back several paces, and clutched at a table for support. He became so ghastly white that Wilfred drew instinctively towards him.

"Stand off!" he thundered, and waved him back.

As Wilfred retired, he drew himself up until his form had attained his full height.

"Await me here," he said, in a tone of stern command, although he was barely able to articulate the words.

Then he turned to the footman, and motioning him away, strode out of the room, and closed the door behind him with a loud crash.

Wilfred, stunned, confused, bewildered, sick at heart, moved to the window, to let the cool air play on his hot brow. A thousand thoughts, of the wildest, most incoherent, and strangely direful nature, chased each other through his brain.

Suddenly, to his amazement, he beheld his father on horseback, galloping across the park at a tremendous speed.

He started back, and murmured, with bewilderment—

In the name of heaven, what do these strange proceedings mean? There was an expression gleaming in my father's eyes which disquiets me painfully. I will follow him, for I have forebodings which weigh upon my heart as if they would crush it."

He made for the door, and on trying to open it, found it locked from without. There was yet another door; he ran to it—it was locked, too.

To his dismay, he found himself a prisoner.

CHAPTER VII.

NIBBLING AT THE BAIT.

Gabrielle Luttrell was not only very much perplexed and harassed by the conflicting thoughts which Wilfred's very unexpected proposition had set in motion, but she was equally disquieted by the intimation from her uncle, Mr. Rokeby, that he intended to take action in the matter of her betrothal to his son.

Her position was somewhat remarkable. She was the only child of Mrs. Rokeby's elder sister, who had formed a secret attachment to, and had clandestinely married, the Hon. Gray Luttrell, the younger son of an earl. He was at college with Mr. Rokeby, and was not only his chum, but had been on terms of intimacy with him of a very close kind—such, indeed, as is generally regarded as friendship.

This was almost as much as Gabrielle knew of her parents—and in fact, as the world knew. Mrs. Rokeby, to her great amazement, received charge of Gabrielle when she was two years old from her husband, who said that he had undertaken the charge of Gray Luttrell's child, and had promised to rear it as his own. He merely added there were certain conditions connected with this responsibility, which would be made known in good time, and that was all.

Mrs. Rokeby, at this period, was one of the gayest spirits of a gay circle, and the advent of a little child at such a time was rather embarrassing to her, as the only leisure she could spare to domestic duties was devoted to assuring herself that her son was properly nursed and carefully tended. Nevertheless, she had been very fond of her sister up to the moment she had secretly fled with her husband, and although she had not heard of or from her since, she readily assented to the adoption of her child.

She asked no questions of Mr. Rokeby respecting the fate of her sister. It seemed bad enough as it stood in her knowledge; but it, no doubt, was very much worse. Therefore, it would be disagreeable to hear it, and no good could come of it. So she held her peace and received the child.

Gabrielle was handed over to the charge of an experienced nurse, passed out of her hands into those of governesses and masters, until her eighteenth year, when it was considered that she was old enough to be introduced to society, and Mrs. Rokeby "brought her out" accordingly.

Miss Luttrell was understood to be an heiress; but it was also "understood," without the statement being traced to any reliable source, that her money would not be allowed to go out of the family, but that it would proceed with herself into the hands of handsome Willy Rokeby.

Entrusted solely to the charge of servants and to instructresses, Gabrielle formed her opinion of the world from those with whom she had been most constantly associated. And as she found that trickery, lying, meanness, and treachery of various kinds were best concealed beneath a spacious surface of simplicity and speciousness, she by degrees adopted the system herself. No doubt it assimilated with her natural instincts and inclinations; but she found, at an early period of her girlhood, that the art of dissimulation seemed to be a very valuable acquirement.

She was utterly deceived by a worthless maid, of whom she had become very fond, in whom she confided all her thoughts and aspirations, her dislikes, her jealousies, and her affections, and she had lavished so much upon her, in the belief that the girl was devoted to her body and soul, that when an accident, perfectly unanticipated on both sides, awakened her from her delusion, she profited by the lesson, inasmuch that she determined to keep up the reputation for sweetness of disposition which she had acquired, and to conceal her real feelings from every eye. She resolved, too, that no accident should betray to any one breathing when her inward feelings ran counter to her outward seeming.

She was but young when she decided on playing this double part, and she had worked hard to become an accomplished proficient. She was certainly an adept when she met her Cousin Willy on his return from abroad.

When, therefore, he startled her by offering her perfect freedom of choice in the question of marriage with him, she instantly assumed the manner and spirit likely to suit his wishes and views; but at the same time she determined to finally act as best suited her own.

She was very proud in pride's worst sense. She was, and knew herself to be, as the grand-daughter of an earl and an heiress, in a false position at Fairholme Priors, and she desired to emancipate herself at the earliest date by becoming a countess—if it were possible—or by subsiding into plain Mrs. Wilfred Rokeby, if nothing else was left to her.

But she required time for the perfection of her plans, framed with anxious solicitude

when there was no human eye to watch her ruminations, and as she was not ready for her *coup* with the Earl of Marston, she was desirous of evading the immediate interview Mr. Rokeby had intimated rather than suggested, because she feared he would rule the proceedings in a peremptory spirit, and she would be committed to some step which she desired to take only as a last resort.

For some three or four years previously she had comfortably entertained a belief that "poor Cousin Willy" really loved her with a quiet devotion settled and unchangeable, and was ready to unite his destiny with hers whenever she felt disposed to name the day.

Her feelings may be imagined when this impression was rudely shaken by his quite unlooked-for and abrupt proposal that both should consider themselves unpledged, and free to select in the future the partner whom they should prefer.

Her woman's instinct in an instant told her that, had he loved her, as she had foldly imagined he did, he would never have dreamed of offering her liberty of action; consequently, he had, after all, yet to be won and thralled by her charms, and if she failed in doing this, the staff on which she had leaned in fancied security would be dragged from her, and she would become, in spite of her secret artifices, the mere sport of circumstances.

It was of importance, therefore, to her to take time by the forelock, and secure the Earl of Marston at once—if he could be manacled by love's chains.

Not that she really cared for him so much as for "poor Cousin Wil," whom, by the way, she did not love; but he had a title, which Wil had not, and a precedence in society which she yearned to share.

She was not, however, incapable of feeling the power of love, for she had conceived a secret, uncontrollable, and very dangerous liking for Colonel Waldron, who formed one of Mrs. Rokeby's train of favored guests, was admitted to her confidence in all matters connected with her stud, was her guide and counsellor in the purchase and management of it, and was a more frequent visitor at Fairholme Priors than any other "friend of the family."

It was, indeed, covertly insinuated that there was something more than feelings of mere friendship on the part of Colonel Waldron, although he was a cold, reserved man of forty. Yet he had a soft, insinuating manner, was studiously polite, and was also singularly well-informed.

Not a hint or sentence was breathed against the purity or integrity of Mrs. Rokeby; indeed, Gabrielle, who saw more of the inner life at Fairholme Priors, convinced herself that Colonel Waldron cared really nothing for her aunt, but fancied that he was devoured by a secret passion for herself, which he was unable to openly declare, as he did not possess the means to give her the establishment she intended to keep up when married.

In this condition of affairs it may readily be conceived that when the Earl of Marston, accompanied by Lord Belvoir, called at the Priors, and suggested "a spin" across the park and lands beyond for half a dozen miles. Gabrielle not only eagerly assented, but urged her aunt, who at first declined the proposition, to accept it. Yielding against her inward promptings, she ordered the horses, and the four set out together, and had a delightful canter across the broad, lawn-like stretches of grass-land in the park.

The sun was shining brightly, a beautiful fresh breeze, by no means too strong, was blowing, and a noble wood, which, indeed, was a continuation of the park, was gained and entered.

There were broad, grassy tracks, leading in a variety of directions, and it was a matter of little moment, apparently, which was selected. It seemed, too, quite beyond a question of probability that the little party should become separated. And yet it so turned out.

Gabrielle, after proceeding down one of the spacious grassy avenues, having the earl chained to her side in full conversation, observing that her aunt and Lord Belvoir were also fully occupied in what looked like earnest talk, gradually, and almost imperceptibly, drew rein, until her horse, taking the hint, reduced its pace to a walk,

The earl insensibly did the same, being in the middle of a story respecting deer stalking in the Highlands, in which Gabrielle did not feel the smallest interest, and he went on walking and talking, growing each moment more enthusiastic, until he became unconscious of the fact that Lord Belvoir and Mrs. Rokeby were no longer in sight, and that he was quite alone with Gabrielle.

That is, unconscious until he saw her fine eyes settled upon his, as if in silent admiration.

Then a cold thrill went down his neck, and he shivered slightly, as if the spirit of "the ice maiden" had slowly flitted by him.

Yet the regular features, the beautiful fair complexion, the pale roseate tinge upon the soft cheek, and the placid smile, which would have been sweet if a little less set, made his heart suddenly throb rapidly.

Young, beautiful, graceful, well-born, an heiress, he thought, as he glanced at her, if he were a marrying man, and were to lose her the handkerchief, he might go farther and fare worse.

With this sudden reflection in his mind, he extended his eyelids, and ejaculated—

"By Jove!"

The attentions he had hitherto paid to Gabrielle were offered under the impression that it was a correct thing to make himself as agreeable as he could to women; but at this moment the term became in his mind convertible, and changed from the plural to the singular—from women to woman. In short, he thought that, possessing such capital "points," backed by several desirable qualifications, it would be rather the correct thing to devote the whole of those attentions to her.

Gabrielle, who caught his exclamation, observed his expanded orbs, and detected that thoughts connected with her were racing through his mind, laughed coquettishly, and said—

"What has happened? A touch of the toothache, Marston?"

"No. Ha! ha! Never had that sensation," he returned, still eyeing her with a kind of critical examination; "can afford to wait for that."

"A tight boot, at least," she pursued, looking him still in the eyes in a way which made him feel "scant of breath;" "a twinge of pain, I am sure, to extort such a dreadful oath from you."

"Upon my honor, Miss Luttrell, I scarcely know how to answer you," he replied, slowly, as he saw her lids fall beneath his steadfast gaze, her color heighten, and her face gradually averted from him. "There are some pains which are pleasant. A poet has declared that our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught. But I am not good at metaphysics, and can't say how that may be; yet I think it possible to have an aching pain in the heart, which, if it does not arise from despair, may be very pleasant, if not delicious. Do you not think so, Miss Luttrell?"

She kept her face partially removed from him, yet not sufficiently to prevent him seeing her color rapidly deepen, and he regarded it as a flattering tribute to himself.

He had not the least suspicion that she felt this rush of color because she fancied she had really hooked her gudgeon, when she had supposed him to be only nibbling, or that she congratulated herself upon the flush, as being singularly opportune and fortunate, for it was rare, indeed, for any emotion to bring a blush into her alabaster cheek.

Instead of replying to his question, she said, artfully—

"What is your opinion of my Cousin Willy, Marston?"

"A matter of far less moment than the question I addressed to you, Miss Luttrell," he rejoined, quickly. I am quite at a loss, too, to see any connection between our two questions."

"Yet there is," she answered, as if musingly, and with a very peculiar smile flitting over her features.

"In what way?" he interrogated, promptly, and rather perplexed.

"Willy suffers from a pain in the heart," she returned, with a laugh, toned to impress him with a notion that she considered it to be a supreme joke. "We were reared together, you know, and he always expressed a great liking for me. Now, I fear he is very bad indeed. Suppose you put your question to him instead of to me?"

"The devil!" thought Marston. "A suitor already in the field! If I mean to run curricle with this beauty for my near side companion through life, I must speak out."

He rode on for a few minutes in silence. Gabrielle watched him closely, without appearing to do so, and her heart palpitated unpleasantly quick; but there was not a trace on her features to show that her thoughts were not of the most tranquil and serene character.

She saw him casting sidelong looks at her, as if taking in at a glance "her form;" and she knew that her figure was light and graceful, that her habit fitted her to perfection, that the horse she rode had all the best points of a thoroughbred, and that for general appearance there were few to surpass her.

"If he is guided by style and outward feminine attractions, he is mine," she thought, more than half triumphantly; and as she observed two patches of red appear on his cheekbones, she knew that he was growing excited, and if skillfully, played, would declare himself before their return to Fairholme Priors.

As she hoped and suspected, he went on with the theme.

"Mere calf-love, I suppose," he presently remarked, with a sneering laugh. "Liked his pretty cousin when at home, and his pretty cousin potted him. When the pretty cousin ceases to pet him, all that sucking fondness will, of course, evaporate."

"A very delicate compliment, put to the pretty cousin in very choice terms," she responded, as if slighly offended.

"To be sure—I see," he rejoined, quickly. "A million pardons, of course! Once over head and ears, and it is a case of drowning. It would not be just to you, Miss Luttrell, to infer that any one who became in love with you—and it would, I am sure, be a matter of difficulty not to become so, if one were much in your company—would be able to easily banish the passion, or lightly to forget. Nevertheless, I do not understand you to be serious on this point."

"Indeed, I am very, very serious. It is no laughing matter, believe me," she replied, assuming rather a sad expression. "In truth, I must begin to think very seriously about it, for his suit—or claim, I rather think he calls it—is strongly supported."

"Indeed!" cried the earl, thrown off his guard, and adding, impetuously, "Am I to understand that Mrs. Rokeby favors his suit?"

"Say, rather, Mr. Rokeby, for he is the potent spirit who rules everything at Fairholme," she replied, in a drooping tone.

Then, with a startled, half-affrighted manner, she uttered an exclamation, and added—

"What am I saying! How very absurd! I entreat your pardon, Lord Marston. I—I—forgot this cannot interest you."

And touching her horse with her whip, she turned him down a track which she believed her aunt had *not* taken. She set off at a smart canter; but the young Earl of Marston was equal to the occasion. He pushed his horse to a brisk trot, and was quickly at her side.

"Miss Luttrell," he observed, in a more earnest tone than he had yet adopted, "you wrong me. I am interested—greatly interested—in this matter."

She turned her eyes to his. He saw that they were suffused with tears. A flush of heat flew from his crown to his heels. Did the girl at his side love him, and, therefore, hate her cousin? Was she to be sacrificed to the fellow, and no one to intervene to save her from a life of continuous misery? Such a proceeding had a look only too atrocious.

"You do not appear to regard a marriage with your cousin as a crowning happiness," he pursued.

"Pray do not ask me," she rejoined, with an imploring look. "It—it—is purely a family affair—and—Lord Marston—there are some duties we must fulfill—whatever be the cost required."

"But, Miss Luttrell—Gabrielle!" he cried, in an agitated tone, "you are not bound—irrevocably bound—to the fel—to your cousin."

"Bound!" she repeated, with an affectation of scorn. "Bound, Lord Marston?"

"I beg your pardon, I am sure, Miss Luttrell, he exclaimed, taking off his hat, and bending almost down to the neck of his horse. "I—I—a—breathe—again."

Then he added, in a tone which alarmed her for her chance which an instant before had seemed so imminent—

"It will be easy for you to terminate attentions which are so offensive to you. I think I would quietly drop him—not all at once, but by degrees; and if he asks for an explanation—well, give it to him in language it will be impossible for him to misunderstand."

She could have shaken him for this suggestion. Instead, however, she shook her head sadly.

"You forget, Marston, that, though I inherit a large fortune, and am of your own rank in society, yet I am so unhappily placed, as an orphan, as to be entirely in my uncle's hands. I do not know anything beyond that he has reared me almost from infancy, and that he claims a right to dispose of my hand."

"Rather remarkable, certainly," exclaimed the earl, beginning to warm up again; "but you can dispute his claim—you can refuse to be handed over to the person of his selection."

"To what good, Marston?" she exclaimed, in a tone of impatient weariness, as if she were almost sick of life. "There is no one who has sufficient interest, who—lo—likes—what shall I say?—cares so much for me that I could turn to him with a full heart, and say, 'Seclusion and the humblest position with you would be preferable to splendor and excitement with the person to whom I am doomed to be—manacled—manacled!' for that is the word."

The young Earl of Marston felt considerably agitated, and broke out into a cold perspiration. He quivered in every nerve.

"You wrong yourself, Miss Luttrell," he exclaimed, in a short, broken voice; "not like you—not love you enough to save you from a fate so shocking! You have but to breathe a—"

He broke off suddenly, as if he were bereft of speech by the touch of a magician's wand.

Gabrielle, whose head was bent down, awaited in intense, sickning, though perfectly motionless excitement for the declaration which was on the eve of being made. She absolutely gasped with disappointment when he ceased speaking so abruptly.

She looked up, and saw him gazing eagerly at something he regarded as if it were an apparition. She followed the direction of his eyes with her own, and to her amazement beheld a young female on horseback advancing towards her with a canter which yet had the swiftness of a racer's gallop. Her lithe, agile, elegant steed threw its four feet together as deer do when at full speed, and she came speeding down the avenue like a small cloudlet of white fleecy vapor borne by a sudden blast through a mountain pass.

A moment more, and she was abreast of Gabrielle. The latter had barely time to observe that she had a face of surpassing loveliness and sweetness combined; that her gray, almost lavender-tinted, habit fitted her even yet more marvellously than her own; that she wore a lavender-gray Rubens hat, with a cerise flowing feather streaming in the wind, and that her long hair floated behind her like a beam of golden light.

Then she had vanished.

Before Gabrielle could recover her breath, she heard the Earl of Marston cry, in tones of rapture—

"That is Mark Jarrett's Daisy! Is she not superhumanly lovely, divine, exquisite, wondrous? It is enough to drive one crazy. Sweet, sweet creature, she sits the fleetest hunter as if he were an immovable chair, and flies over upland and meadow like a swan sails upon a lake!"

Gabrielle felt that her complexion had changed to a pale green. She had treated all she had heard of Mark Jarrett's Daisy with scorn. Now she had seen her, she hated her with a malevolence which would limit itself to nothing if it could gratify it.

The cup of success, at her very lips, had been dashed away, and by whom of all the world?

Mark Jarrett's Daisy!

She decided not to leave her a moment unassailed. She was too formidable a rival to be permitted to proceed with her triumphs in peace; and there were ways to reach her, no matter how closely she was guarded and protected.

She looked at the Earl of Marston, and saw that he was in a brown study. Was he congratulating himself on his narrow escape? She turned very faint with mortification, for at that unwelcome thought she saw he no longer appeared to have eyes for her. Nevertheless, she did not despair, and giving her horse a smart lash with her whip, she exclaimed, in a cold tone—

"What can have become of my aunt and Lord Belvoir? They have outpaced us; we must overtake them, or I shall get sadly scolded as a laggard."

He started as if she had struck him with the whip-cord instead of her horse, and said—

"How deuced odd! They must have run away from us. By Jove! I never noticed which track they followed."

And he pricked his horse into a gallop.

Gabrielle, however, knew the way perfectly, turned into a diverging green path, and came suddenly upon Mrs. Rokeby on horseback, advancing to them alone.

"Where is Belvoir?" demanded the young earl, looking flushed and agitated.

Mrs. Rokeby gazed at his changing features with some surprise, and she turned her eyes sharply on Gabrielle's face, but it was as calm and unruffled as usual, it a little paler, and there was the same old set smile on it.

Mrs. Rokeby's brow slightly contracted, but she resumed quietly—

"I suddenly missed you both. Lord Belvoir rode on alone, while I returned to find you."

She had barely uttered the words, when the sound of a horse's hoofs, at full gallop, beating the soft green turf, caught their ears, and a moment more Mr Rokeby rode up to them.

He turned to the earl, with a white face and a most excited manner, and demanded, imperiously—

"Where is Belvoir?"

"I do not know," replied the earl, with unconcealed amazement. "He was riding with Mrs. Rokeby; but—a—but—we somehow dropped behind—I think—and so—got separated."

Mr. Rokeby turned to Mrs. Rokeby, and with a quivering lip, repeated the same demand.

"Are you losing your senses, Al?" she responded, gazing at him with screwed-up eyelids.

Mr. Rokeby howled a repetition of his interrogatory.

With a quiet dignity, his wife indicated with the handle of her whip the route along which she had just advanced.

"Riding towards the ridge yonder; if you follow, you will overtake him, I have no doubt."

Mr. Rokeby waited for no more, but clapping spurs to his horse, galloped away in the direction she had intimated.

"Follow him!" suddenly cried Gabrielle, to the earl, in genuine alarm. "There will be mischief."

Mrs. Rokeby turned sharply to her, and in a voice which perfectly astounded her, said—

"Girl! have you, too, lost your wits? There can be no mischief to either, whenever Lord Belvoir and my husband meet."

She turned her horse towards Fairholme Priors.

Gabrielle and the earl followed in petrified silence, but they had not ridden very far when they were joined by Colonel Waldron, and a general conversation ensued. It was soon apparent, however, that Mrs. Rokeby rather evaded Colonel Waldron's society, and thus she became gradually the companion of the earl, and the colonel fell into his place by the side of Gabrielle.

There came a moment when a somewhat wide interval separated them from Mrs. Rokeby and the Earl of Marston. Colonel Waldron, who, with covert but restless glances, had been watching the pair in advance, suddenly leaned over towards her, and in a low tone, exclaimed—

"Miss Luttrell—Gabrielle, I must see and speak with you alone."

"Colonel Waldron!" she ejaculated, haughtily.

"Alone, Gabrielle. I have a most important revelation to make to you."

This was said in such a tone as to set her wondering. What could he have to reveal to her?

She did not look up at him; but she murmured, in a voice as low as his own—

"Your request is strange and unusual—still, I think I may place some reliance on you. You will not delay me more than a few minutes?"

"A few seconds," he responded, eagerly.

"Where did you say?" she interrogated, in yet fainter tones.

"In the arboretum—that is never invaded—to-night."

"I will be there!"

Even as the words left her lips, a slight scream escaped them, for at the moment Mr. Rokeby came up at a gallop, and swept past her like a whirlwind, muttering—

"Tricked! Foiled! But I will be avenged!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Miss Jennie Armstrong is a native of Wiscasset, Maine, and as soon as she went to Italy to sing, her name became "Giovannina Avigliana." Now, it just strikes us that if John Smith were to go to Italy and sing, *his* name might be changed and lengthened out that way, too. They might call him Gongazalesgongoni Tartartrituniperi—or something like that, "for short."—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ In Indiana bashful young men pop the question by asking the fair one to "slide down the hill of life with them."

☞ Why are darned stockings like dead men?—Because they are men-ded.

☞ Two youths of El Paso, Ill., aged 8 and 10 fought a bloodless duel about a six-year old sylph.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

Opposite to the Chapel of St. Sebalt's, at Nuremburg, at the corner of the street of the Trebans, stands a little inn, narrow and high, with gabled front, dusty panes, and the roof crowned with a plaster Virgin. It was there that I passed the saddest days of my life. I had gone to Nuremburg to study the old Gerglan masters; but, for want of ready money, I was obliged to do portraits. And what portraits! Fat gossips, with their cat on their knees; aldermen, in wigs; burgomasters, in three-cornered hats—the whole colored in ochre and vermillion. From portraits I came down to pencil sketches, and from sketches to silhouettes. There is nothing so wretched as having the landlord of an hotel constantly after one with pinched lips, shrill voice, and impudent manner, coming every day, and saying:

"Come, now, do you intend to pay me soon, sir? Do you know how much your bill is? No, that is nothing to you. You eat, drink and sleep quietly. The Lord giveth food to the little birds. This gentleman's bill amounts to two hundred florins, ten kreutzers. It is hardly worth speaking of."

Those who have not heard this song sung, can have no idea what it is; love, art, imagination, sacred enthusiasm for the beautiful, are all dried up before the breath of such a scoundrel. One becomes awkward, timid; all one's energy is lost, as well as the feeling of one's personal dignity, and one salutes with great respect the burgomaster Schnuguns, when he passes in the distance.

One night, not having a penny, as usual, and being threatened with prison by this worthy Master Rapp, I resolved to cheat him by cutting my throat. With this agreeable thought, seated on my pallet-bed opposite the window, I gave myself up to a thousand philosophical reflections which were more or less pleasant.

"What is man?" said I to myself. "An omnivorous animal; his jaws, which are provided with fangs, incisors and molar teeth, are proof sufficient thereof. The fangs are made for tearing meat, the incisors for eating fruit, and the molar teeth for masticating, grinding and triturating animal and vegetable substances which are agreeable to the taste and smell. But when there is nothing to masticate, this thing is a regular absurdity in nature, a superfluity, a fifth wheel to a carriage."

Such were my reflections! I did not dare to open my razor, for fear that the invincible force of my logic should inspire me with the courage to put an end to my life. After having well argued in this manner, I blew out my candle and left the result for the next day.

This abominable Rapp had completely brutalized me. I saw nothing as regards art but silhouettes, and my only wish was to have money to rid me of his odious presence. But that night a singular resolution was made in my mind. I waked about one o'clock; I relighted my lamp, and, wrapping myself in my old gray coat, I threw on to paper a rapid sketch in Dutch style—something strange, wild, which had no connection with my habitual conceptions.

Imagine a dark yard, inclosed in high, tottering walls. These walls are furnished with hooks at eight or ten feet from the ground. One guesses at the first glance that it is a slaughter-house. On the left there is a wooden trellis-work; you perceive through it a quartered ox, hung to the ceiling by enormous pulleys. Large pools of blood flowed over the flags into the trench, which was full of shapeless remains. The light comes from the top, from between the chimneys, whose weather-cocks are cut out against a corner of the sky as large as one's hand; and the roofs of the neighboring houses cast dark shadows on the lower stories. In the further end of this place there is a shed; * * under the shed a pile: on the pile some ladders, some heaps of straw and a rope, a coop for chickens, and an old worn-out rabbit-hutch.

How did it come that I imagined all these whimsical details? * * * I do not know. I had no analogous recollection; and yet each pencil stroke seemed the result of observation. Nothing was wanting.

But on the right a corner of the sketch remained blank. * * * I did not know how to fill it in. * * * There was something moving. * * * Suddenly I saw a foot—a foot which was reversed, and not on the ground. In spite of this improbable position, I followed the inspiration without accounting for my own thought. The foot ended in a leg. * * * On the leg, which was stretched out with effort, floated the skirts of a gown.

In short, an old woman, wan, emaciated, dishevelled, appeared at last, lying on the edge of a well, and fighting with a fist which was pressing her throat. * * * It was a scene of murder which I was drawing. The pencil fell from my hand.

This woman, whose attitude was quite startling, with her loins doubled on the brink of the well, her face contracted with terror, her two hands grasping the arm of the murderer, frightened me. I did not dare to look at her. But him, the man, the owner of the arm, I did not see. * * * It was impossible for me to finish it.

"I am tired," thought I, while my forehead was bathed in perspiration; "there is only this figure to be done; I will finish it to-morrow. It is quite easy."

And I went to bed again, quite terrified at my vision. Five minutes later I was sound asleep.

The following day I was up at dawn. I had just dressed myself, and was preparing to go on with my interrupted work, when two little taps sounded on the door.

"Come in."

The door opened. A man already old, tall, thin, dressed in black, appeared on the threshold. The features of this man—his eyes, which were close together, his great, eagle nose, and wide, bony forehead—were somewhat severe. He bowed gravely.

"Mr. Christian Venius, the painter?" said he.

"I am he, monsieur."

He bowed again, and added—

"Baron Friedrich von Spreckdal."

The appearance in my poor house of the rich amateur Spreckdal, Judge of the Criminal Court, impressed me deeply. I could not help throwing a hasty glance at my old worm-eaten furniture, at my damp bed-hangings, and dusty floor. I felt humiliated at such delapidation. But von Spreckdal seemed to pay no attention to these details, and seating himself before my little table, began—

"Master Venius, I come—"

But at that instant his eyes were caught by the uncompleted sketch, and he did not finish his sentence. I had seated myself on the edge of the bed, and the sudden attention accorded by such a person to one of my productions made my heart beat with undefinable fear.

After a minute bow, Spreckdal raised his head.

"Are you the author of this sketch?" said he, looking at me attentively.

"Yes, sir."

"What is its price?"

"I do not sell my sketches; it is the idea for a painting."

"Ah!" said he, raising the paper with the point of his yellow finger.

He drew a glass from his waistcoat-pocket, and began to study the sketch in silence.

The sun shone obliquely into the attic. Von Spreckdal did not utter a word; his great hooked nose, his wide eyebrows, were contracted, and his chin, protruding in a point, formed a hundred little wrinkles in his long, thin cheeks. The silence was so profound that I distinctly heard the plaintive buzzing of a fly which was caught in a spider's web.

"And the dimensions of this painting, Master Venius?" said he, at last, without looking at me.

"Three feet by four."

"The price?"

"Fifty ducats."

Von Spreckdal replaced the drawing on the table, and took from his pocket a long green silk purse. He drew off the rings.

"Fifty ducats," said he; "here they are."

I was dazzled.

The baron had risen; he bowed, and I heard his great ivory-headed cane sound on each step to the foot of the staircase. Then, recovering from my stupor, I remembered all of a sudden that I had not thanked him, and I flew down the five stories like lightning, but when I arrived on the threshold it was in vain that I looked to right and left—the street was deserted.

"Dear me, that's funny," said I, and I went up stairs again, quite out of breath.

CHAPTER II.

The surprising manner in which Von Spreckdal had just appeared, threw me quite into ecstacy. "Yesterday," said I, as I contemplated the heap of ducats which glittered in the sun—"yesterday I formed the culpable design of cutting my throat for a few miserable florins, and now, to-day, a fortune falls from the clouds. Decidedly I did well not to open my razor, and if ever the temptation to put an end to myself assails me again, I shall take care to put it off till—the next day."

After these judicious reflections, I seated myself to finish the sketch; four strokes of my pencil, and it would be done. But here an incomprehensible difficulty awaited me. It was impossible for me to make those four strokes. I had lost the thread of my inspiration; the mysterious individual would not detach himself from the limbers of my brain. It was in vain that I invoked him; that I sketched outlines, and tried again and again: he was not more in accordance with the whole than a figure of Raphael's would be in one of Tenier's smoking scenes. The drops stood on my brow.

At the finest moment, Rapp opened the door without knocking, according to his laudable custom. His eyes fell on my heap of ducats, and with a squeaking voice he cried—

"Ah, I have caught you! Will you say again, Mr. Painter, that you have no money?"

And his crooked fingers advanced with that nervous trembling which the sight of gold always produces with misers.

I remained stupefied a few seconds. Then the recollection of all the insults which this creature had heaped on me, his avaricious looks, his impudent smile, exasperated me. With a single bound I seized him, and pushing him with both hands out of the room, I flattened his nose with the door.

This was done with the "eric-crac" and rapidity of a Jack-in-the-Box.

But outside, the old usurer uttered piercing cries:

"My money, robber—my money."

The lodgers came out of their rooms, asking:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

I opened the door suddenly, and with a blow of my foot in the spine of Master Rapp, sent him down more than five steps.

"That is what is happening," said I, beside myself.

Then I shut the door and fastened it, while shouts of laughter greeted Master Rapp in his flight.

I was pleased with myself; I rubbed my hands. This adventure had restored my animation. I recommenced work, and was going to finish the sketch, when an unusual noise struck my ear.

It was the butt-end of rifles being put down on the pavement of the street. I looked out of my window and saw three gendarmes, with their rifles lowered, drawn up at the door of the house.

"Can that wretch Rapp have broken anything?" said I, in a fright.

And such is the strange contradiction in the human mind, that I, who the evening before had wished to cut my throat, now shuddered to the marrow of my bones at the thought that they could hang me if Rapp was dead.

The staircase was filling with confused sounds. * * It was the rising tide of hollow steps, the clank of arms and rapid words. Suddenly some one tried to open my door. It was fastened.

Then there was quite a clamor.

"Open, in the name of the law!"

I rose trembling, with shaking legs.

"Open!" repeated the same voice.

The idea of saving myself over the roof occurred to me; but hardly had I put my head through the little window than I drew back, seized with vertigo. I had seen as in a lightning flash all the windows below, with their gleaming panes, their flower-pots, their bird-cages, their gratings; and lower down the balcony; lower down the street-lamp; lower down the sign of the "Tonnelet Rouge," covered with crampons; then, at last, the three glittering bayonets, which only awaited my fall to impale me. On the roof of the house opposite a great red cat on guard behind one of the chimneys, was watching a troop of sparrows who were chirping and quarreling in the gutter. It is impossible to imagine in what clearness, to what power and rapidity of perception the life of the man can attain when stimulated by fear.

At the third summons—"Open the door, or we will break it open!"—I saw that flight was impossible, and approaching the door with trembling steps, I drew back the bolt.

Two fists immediately seized my collar, and a little thick-set man, smelling of wine, said:

"I arrest you."

He wore a bottle-green overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, and a hat shaped like the pipe of a stove; he had great brown whiskers, * * rings on all his fingers, and was called Passant. It was the head of the Police.

Five bull-dog heads, with little flat caps, were observing me without.

"What do you want?" asked I of Passant.

"Come down," exclaimed he, roughly, making a sign to one of the men to seize me.

This latter dragged me away more dead than alive, while the others turned my room upside down.

I went down, supported under the arms like a man in the third stage of consumption, my hair falling over my face, and stumbling at each step.

I was thrown into a fly, between two fellows who had the charity to let me see the end of two staves fastened with a strap to the wrist, then the carriage set off. I heard the steps of all the *gamins* of the town running after us.

"What have I done?" I asked of one of my guards.

He looked at his companion with a strange smile, saying: "Hans, he wants to know what he has done."

This smile froze my blood.

Soon a profound shadow enveloped the carriage—the horses' feet sounded under an arch. We were entering the Rasphelhaus, of which one might well say:

"Dans cet antre
Jet vois bien comme l'on entre,
Et ne voit point comme on en sort."

All is not *couleur de rose* in this world; from the claws of Rapp I fell into a dungeon, from which most poor devils have small chance of escape. Great dark yards, rows of windows, as in a hospital; not a tuft of grass, not a leaf of ivy; not even a weather-cock in the prospective—that unseemly new lodging. It was enough to make one tear one's hair by handfuls.

The police agents, accompanied by the jailer, incarcerated me temporarily in a lock-up. The jailer, as far as I can remember, was called Kasper Schlussel; with his gray woollen cap, his short pipe between his teeth, and his bunch of keys at his waist, he appeared to me like the god of the Caribbees, who is an owl. He had great, round, yellowish eyes, which looked as if they saw by night, a pointed nose, and a neck which was lost in his shoulders.

Schlussel, that me up as quietly as one puts away clothes in a cupboard, thinking of other things. As for me, I remained more than ten minutes in the same place, with my hands closed behind my back and my head hanging down. At the end of this time I made the following reflections:

"Rapp, when he fell, called out, 'They are murdering me!' but he did not say who. I shall say that it was my neighbor, the old man who sells spectacles, he will be hanged in my place."

This idea comforted me, and I heaved a deep sigh. Then I looked at my prison. It had just been newly whitewashed, and the walls were quite bare, except in one corner, where my predecessor had sketched a gibbet. The light came from a little window, nine or ten feet from the ground; the furniture consisted of a heap of straw and a bucket.

I seated myself on the straw, with my hands round my knees, in inconceivable despondency. I hardly saw clearly; and of a sudden, remembering that Rapp might have denounced me before his death, I laughed in every joint, and got up coughing, as if the hempen cravat were already pressing my throat. Almost at the same moment I heard Schlussel crossing the passage; he opened the door and told me to follow him. He was still assisted by two men with staves, and I stepped resolutely out after him. We passed through long galleries, lighted at certain distances by windows inside. I saw behind some bars the famous Pic-Tack, who was to be executed the following day. He was wearing a straight-waistcoat, and was singing in a loud voice, "I am the king of the mountains!" Seeing me, he cried: "Hullo, comrade, I will keep a place for you on my right!"

The two police agents and the god of the Caribbees looked at each other with a smile, while a cold shiver crept all down my back.

CHAPTER III.

Schlussel pushed me into a high room, which was very dark, and furnished with seats in a semicircle. The appearance of this deserted hall, with its two high-barred windows, its Christ of dark old oak, a figure with its arm extended and its head sadly falling on its shoulders, inspired me with a religious fear over and above that caused by my actual position.

All my ideas of false accusation disappeared, and my lips moved as I murmured a prayer. For a long time I had never prayed, but misfortune always results in its thoughts of submission. Man is such a poor creature!

In front of me, on a high seat, were two persons whose positions with their backs to the light left their figures in shadow. Nevertheless, I recognized von Spreckdal by his aquiline profile, which was illumed obliquely by a ray from the window. The other was fat; he had full red cheeks and wore a judge's robe, as did also von Spreckdal.

Below was seated Conrad, the clerk; he was writing at a low table, tickling his ear with the end of his pen. On my arrival he stopped, in order to look at me with considerable curiosity. They bade me sit down, and von Spreckdal, raising his voice, said:—

"Christian Venius, where did you get this drawing?" He showed me the nocturnal sketch, which was then in his possession. They handed it to me. After having examined it, I answered:

"I did it."

There was rather a long silence, and Conrad wrote down my answer. I listened to his pen running over the paper, and I thought: "What is the meaning of the question they have just asked me? It has nothing to do with the kick I gave Rapp."

"You did this drawing," continued von Spreckdal; "what is the subject of it?"

"It is a fancy subject."

"You have not copied all these details?"

"No, my lord; they are all imaginary."

"Prisoner," said the Judge severely, "I give you this time for reflection; do not lie."

I reddened, and exclaimed, with some excitement, "I have told the truth."

"Put this down," said von Spreckdal to the clerk.

The pen again squeaked on the paper.

"And this woman," pursued the Judge, "this woman who is being murdered on the edge of the pit, was she also an imaginary figure?"

"Certainly."

"You have never seen her?"

"Never."

Von Spreckdal rose as if indignant; then, re-seating himself, he consulted in a low voice with his fellow Judge. These two black profiles standing out against the light background of the window, and the three men standing behind me, the silence of the hall, everything made me shudder.

"What do they want with me? What have I done?" I murmured.

Suddenly von Spreckdal said to my jailers: "Take back the prisoner to the carriage; we are going to start for the Maltzer Strasse."

Then turning to me he exclaimed: "Christian Venius, you have started on a sad course; recollect yourself, and remember that if human justice is inflexible, there still remains for you God's mercy. You may deserve it if you confess your crime."

These words struck me as if with the blow of a hammer. I stretched out my arms, screaming, "Oh, what a frightful dream!" and fainted.

When I came to myself the carriage was moving slowly along the street; another one was in front. The two constables were still there. On the road one of them offered his companion a pinch of snuff, mechanically I put my finger toward his snuff-box; he drew back quickly. The blush of shame covered my face, and I turned away my head to hide my emotion. "If you look out," said the man with the snuff-box, "we shall be obliged to put you in handcuffs."

"May the devil strangle you, infernal scoundrel!" thought I. The carriage stopped; one of them got out, while the other held me back by the collar; then, seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he pushed me out rudely. These numerous precautions for the safety of my person did not look well for me; but I was far from foreseeing the gravity of the accusation which was weighing on me, when a frightful circumstance at last opened my eyes and threw me into despair. I had just been pushed into a low passage with broken, unequal pavement; there flowed along the wall a yellowish oozing, from which a fetid smell exhaled. I was walking in darkness, the two men behind me. Further on there was a dim light from an inside yard.

The further I advanced, the more did my terror increase. It was not a natural feeling, it was fearful anxiety, unnatural as a night-mare. At each step I instinctively drew back.

"Come, now!" exclaimed one of the constables, pressing his hand on my shoulder "Get on!"

But what was my terror when, at the end of the passage, I saw the yard which I had sketched the previous night, with its walls garnished with hooks, its collection of old iron, its hen-coop and its rabbit-hutch. Not a window, small or large, not a cracked pane not a detail had been omitted. I was thunderstruck by this strange revelation. Near to the wall were the two judges, von Spreckdal and Richter. At their feet lay the old woman on her back, her long gray hair dishevelled, her face blue, her eyes unnaturally open, and her tongue between her teeth.

It was a horrible sight.

"Now," said von Spreckdal, solemnly, "what have you to say?"

I did not reply.

"Do you confess to having thrown this woman, Theresa Becha, into this pit, having first strangled her, in order to rob her of her money?"

"No!" I cried. "No! I do not know this woman; I have never seen her. May God be my witness!"

"That is enough," replied he, dryly; and without adding another word, he and his companion went out quickly.

The policemen then thought it their duty to put handcuffs on me, and I was taken back to the Raspelhaus in a state of stupor. I hardly knew what to think; even my conscience was confused. I asked myself whether I had not murdered the old woman. In the eyes of my jailer I was already condemned.

I will not detail to you all that I felt that night in the Raspelhaus, when seated on my heap of straw, with the little window in front of me and the gibbet in perspective. I heard the watchman crying in the silence:

"Sleep, inhabitants of Nuremburg! The Lord watches! One o'clock! Two o'clock! Three o'clock have struck."

Every one can form an idea of such a night. It is all very well to say that it is better to be hung innocent than guilty. For the soul it may be so, but as far as the body is concerned it makes no difference; on the contrary, it curses its fate and seeks to escape, knowing that the cord will put an end to its part. Added to that, it regrets not to have taken enough enjoyment out of life, and to have listened to the soul which preached abstinence. "Ah! if I had but known," it exclaims, "I should not have been led by your big words, your grand phrases, and magnificent sentences! I should not have been allured by your fine promises. I should have had some delightful moments which will never return. It is all over! You said to me—'Curb your passions?' Well, I did curb them; and much better I am for having done so. I am going to be hanged, and in time you will be called sublime spirit, stoical soul, martyr to the mistakes of justice. I shall no longer be thought of!" Such were the sad reflections of my poor body.

The day came, at first pale and undecided it sent its feeble rays through the round window, through the iron bars, then it shone on the inside wall. Without, the street was filling; being Friday, it was market day. I heard the carts, loaded with vegetables, and the good peasants of the Schwarz-voula, with their baskets, going by. Some chickens in coops cackled as they went past, and the sellers of butter chatted to each other. The market opposite was being opened. They were arranging the benches.

At last it was quite day, but the great murmur of the growing crowd of housewives, who were assembling with their baskets under their arms, going, coming, discussing and bargaining, showed me that it was eight o'clock in the morning. With the daylight I began somewhat to regain my confidence. Some of my black ideas disappeared, and I felt a great desire to see what was going on outside.

Some of my predecessors had pulled themselves up to the window; they had made some holes in the wall by which to ascend more easily. I climbed up in my turn, and when seated in the oval recess, with my back bent and my head pressed forward, I could see the crowd, the life, the movement: tears flowed rapidly down my cheeks; I no longer thought of suicide: I felt an extraordinary desire to live and to breathe. "Ah!" said I to myself, "it is delightful to live! What do I care if they make me drag a harrow, or fasten a bullet to my leg, so long as they let me live?"

The old market, with a roof shaped like an extinguisher supported on heavy pillars, was a splendid sight. Old women seated in front of their baskets of vegetables or eggs, or their coops full of poultry; behind them the Jewish dealers in old clothes, with their dark faces; the butchers with their bare arms, cutting up the meat in their stalls; the country people with the large felt hats planted on the back of the head, calm and grave, their hands behind their backs, leaning on their holly sticks and quietly smoking their pipes. Then the thronging, the noise of the crowd, those shrill, excited, serious, high or sharp words, those expressive gestures, those unexpected attitudes, which betray from afar the progress of the discussion, and paint so well the character of the individual; in short, everything captivated me, and in spite of my melancholy position, I felt happy to think that I still belonged to this world.

Now, while I was thus looking out, a man went by; he was a butcher, and with bent back was carrying an immense quarter of beef on his soulders. His arms were bare, his elbows stuck out, and his head was bent down: his floating hair, like that of Salvator's "Sicumbre," concealed his face from me, but at the first glance I started. * * * "It is he!" said I to myself, and all my blood flowed back to my heart. I got down into the dungeon, quivering to the tips of my fingers, feeling my cheeks growing pale, and stammering with a stifled voice—

"It is he! He is there—there—and I am to die to expiate his crime. Oh, God! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration from above, occurred to me. I felt in the pocket of my coat—my fusee box was there. Then, rushing to the wall, I began tracing the scene of the murder with inconceivable rapidity. There was no more uncertainty, no more groping. I knew the man. * * * I saw him * * * he was there before me.

At ten o'clock the jailer entered my prison. His owl-like passiveness was replaced by admiration.

"Is it possible?" cried he, stopping short on the threshold.

"Go and fetch my judges," said I to him, while I continued my work with increasing excitement.

"They are waiting for you in the hall of instruction," replied Schlussel.

"I have something to reveal to them," I exclaimed, drawing the last hand of my mysterious subject.

He seemed alive; he was fearful to behold; his foreshortened figure stood out wonderfully on the white wall. The jailer went out.

In a few minutes he reappeared with the judges, who stood quite stupefied. I extended my hand, and trembling in every limb, said to them—

"There is the murderer!"

After a short silence, von Spreckdal turned to me—

"His name?"

"I do not know it—but he is at this moment in the market—he is cutting up meat in the third stall on the left as you go in from the street in the Trabans."

"What do you think of this?" said he to his colleague.

"Let the man be brought," said the other, gravely.

Several jailers who remained in the passage obeyed this order. The judges remained standing, still looking at the sketch. I had sunk back on the straw, with my head between my knees, quite overcome. Soon footsteps sounded in the distance under the archway. Those who have never awaited an hour of deliverance and counted the minutes, which are at such a time as long as centuries—those who have not gone through the poignant emotions of suspense, terror, hope, doubt—cannot conceive the inward shuddering which I felt at that moment. I should have distinguished the foot of the murderer among a thousand. They came nearer; the judges even seemed moved. I raised my head, and my heart felt oppressed as if with an iron weight. I fixed my eyes on the closed door. It opened—the man entered. His cheeks were swollen and red, his large jaws were contracted so that the muscles stood out toward the ears, and his little eyes, uneasy and wild like those of a wolf, glaring under the bushy eyebrows of a yellowish red.

Von Spreckdal in silence pointed to the sketch. Then this man of blood, with the large shoulders, looked, grew pale; and with a yell which froze us with terror, he threw up his arms and sprang backward to upset his jailers. Then a fearful struggle took place in the passage; we heard nothing but the panting breath of the butcher, hollow oaths, hasty words, and the feet of the jailers striking on the flags, after they had been lifted into the air. This lasted at least a minute.

At last the murderer re-entered; his head hanging, his eyes bloodshot, his hands fastened behind his back. He glanced again at the drawing of the murder, seemed to reflect, and in a low voice, as if speaking to himself, said:

"Who could have seen me at midnight?"

I was saved!

* * * * *

Many years have passed since that terrible adventure. Thank heaven! I no longer do silhouettes, or even portraits of burgomasters. By means of work and perseverance, I conquered my place before the sun, and I gain my bread with honor by doing works of art—the only object, in my opinion, worthy of the true artist's attachment. But I shall never forget the nocturnal sketch. Sometimes, in the very midst of my work, my memory goes back to it. Then I put down my palette and dream for hours. How could a crime perpetrated by a man whom I did not know, in a house that I had never seen, be reproduced by my pencil down to the slightest detail? Was it chance? Ha! And, after all, what is chance but the effect of a cause which is hidden from us?

Can Schiller be right when he says: "The immortal soul does not share in the weaknesses of the body; during the sleep of the body, she spreads her radiant wings, and goes—God knows where. What does she do then? * * * No one can say, but at times inspiration betrays the secret of those nocturnal flights."

Who knows? Nature is more audacious in her realities than the human mind is in its imaginations.

THE SCENE-PAINTER'S WIFE.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

"You wouldn't think it, to look at her, no, sir," said the old clown, as he shook the ashes out of his blackened clay, "but madam was as handsome a woman as you'd see for many a long day. It was an accident that spoilt her beauty."

The speaker was attached to a little equestrian company with which I had fallen in during a summer day's pedestrianism in Warwickshire. The troupe had halted at a roadside inn, where I was dawdling over my simple midday meal, and by the time I had smoked my cigar in his companionship the clown and I were upon a footing of perfect friendliness.

I had been not a little struck by the woman of whom he spoke. She was tall and slim, and had something of a foreign look, as I thought. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the painful impression which it gave to a stranger. It was the face of a woman who had undergone some great terror. The sickly pallor of the skin was made conspicuous by the hectic brightness of the large black eyes, and on one cheek there was a scar—the mark of some deadly hurt inflicted long ago.

My new friend and I had strolled a little way from the inn, where the rest of the company were still occupied with their frugal dinner. A stretch of sunny common lay before us, and seemed to invite a ramble. The clown filled his pipe, and walked on meditatively. I took out another cigar.

"Was it a fall from horseback that gave her that scar?" I asked.

"A fall from horseback! Madame Delavanti! No, sir, that seam on her cheek was made by the claws of a tiger. It's rather a curious sort of story, and I don't mind telling it, if you'd like to hear it; but, for the Lord's sake, don't let her know I've been talking of her, if you should happen to scrape acquaintance with her when you go back to the inn."

"Has she such a dislike to being talked about?"

"I rather think she has. You see she's not quite right in the upper story, poor soul; but she rides beautifully, and doesn't know what fear means. You'd scarcely believe how handsome she looks at night when she's dressed for the ring. Her face lights up almost as well as it used to do ten years ago, before she had the accident. Ah! she was handsome in those days, and used to be run after by all the gentlemen like mad. But she never was a bad lot, never—wild and self-willed, but never a wicked woman, as I'll stake my life. I've been her friend through thick and thin, when she needed a friend, and I've understood her better than others.

"She was only twelve years old when first she came to us with her father, a noted lion-tamer. He was a man that drank hard now and then, and was very severe with her at such times; but she always had a brave spirit, and I never knew her to quail before him or before the beasts. She used to take her share in all the old man's performances, and when he died and the lions were sold off, our proprietor kept a tiger for her to perform with. He was the cleverest of all the animals, but a queer temper, and it needed a spirit like Caroline Delavanti's to face him. She rode in the circus as well as performing with the tiger, and she was altogether the most valuable member of the company, and was very well paid for her work. She was eighteen when her father died, and within a year of his death she married Joseph Waylie, our scene-painter.

"I was rather surprised at this marriage, for I fancied Caroline might have done better. Joe was thirty-five, if he was a day—a pale, sandy-haired fellow, not much to look at, and by no means a genius. But he was awfully fond of Caroline. He had followed her about like a dog ever since she came among us, and I thought she married him more out of pity than love. I told her so one day; but she only laughed, and said:

"'He's too good for me, Mr. Waters; that's the truth. I don't deserve to be loved as he loves me.'

"The newly-married couple did, indeed, seem to be very happy together. It was a treat to see Joe stand at the wing and watch his wife through her performances, ready to put a shawl over her pretty white shoulders when she had done, or to throw himself between her and the tiger in case of mischief. She treated him in a pretty, patronizing sort of way, as if he had been ever so much younger than her, instead of twelve years her senior. She used to stand upon tiptoe and kiss him before all the company sometimes at rehearsal, much to his delight. He worked like a slave, in the hope of improving his position as he improved in his art, and he thought nothing too good for his beautiful young wife. They had very comfortable lodgings about half a mile from the manufacturing town where we were stationed for the winter months, and lived as well as simple folks need live.

"Our manager was proprietor of a second theatre, at a seaport town fifty miles away from the place where we were stationed; and when pantomime time was coming on, poor Joseph Waylie was ordered off to paint the scenery for this other theatre, much to his grief, as his work was likely to keep him a month or six weeks away from his wife. It was their first parting, and the husband felt it deeply. He left Caroline to the care of an old woman who took the money, and who professed a very warm attachment for Mrs. Waylie, or Madame Delavanti, as she was called in the bills.

"Joseph had not been gone much more than a week when I began to take notice of a young officer who was in front every evening, and who watched Caroline's performance with evident admiration. I saw him one night in very close conversation with Mrs. Muggleton, the money-taker, and was not overpleased to hear Madame Delavanti's name mentioned in the course of their conversation. On the next night I found him loitering about at the stage-door. He was a very handsome man, and I could not avoid taking notice of him. On inquiry, I found that his name was Jocelyn, and that he was a captain in the regiment then stationed in in the town. He was the only son of a wealthy manufacturer, I was told, and had plenty of money to throw about.

"I had finished my performance earlier than usual one night soon after this, and was waiting for a friend at the stage-door, when Captain Jocelyn came up the dark by-street, smoking his cigar, and evidently waiting for some one. I fell back into the shadow of the door, and waited, feeling pretty sure that he was on the watch for Caroline. I was right. She came out presently and joined him, putting her hand under his arm, as if it were quite a usual thing for him to be her escort. I followed them at a little distance as they walked off, and waited till I saw Joe's wife safe within her own door. The captain detained her on the doorstep, talking for a few minutes, and would fain have kept her there longer, but she dismissed him with that pretty imperious way she had with all of us at times.

"Now, as a very old friend of Caroline's, I wasn't going to stand this sort of thing; so I taxed her with it plainly next day, and told her no good would come of any acquaintance between her and Captain Jocelyn.

"'And no harm need come of it, either, you silly old fellow,' she said. 'I've been used to that sort of attention all my life. There's nothing but the most innocent flirtation between us.'

"'What would Joe think of such an innocent flirtation, Caroline?' I asked.

"'Joe must learn to put up with such things,' she answered, 'as long as I do my duty to him. I can't live without excitement and admiration, and that sort of thing. Joe ought to know that as well as I do.'

"'I should have thought the tiger and the horses would have given you enough excitement, Caroline,' I said, 'without running into worse dangers than the risk of your life.'

"'But they don't give me half enough excitement,' she answered; and then she took out a little watch in a jewelled case, and looked at it, and then at me, in a half-boastful, half-anxious way.

"'Why, what a pretty watch, Carry!' said I. 'Is that a present from Joe?'

"'As if you didn't know better than that!' she said. 'Country scene-painters can't afford to buy diamond watches for their wives, Mr. Waters.'

"I tried to lecture her, but she laughed off my reproaches; and I saw her that night with a bracelet on her arm which I knew must be another gift from the captain. He was in a stage-box, and threw her a bouquet of choice flowers after her scene with the tiger. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her pick up the flowers and offer them to the grim-looking animal to smell, and then snatch them away with a laugh, and return, courtesying to the audience, and glancing coquettishly toward the box where her admirer sat applauding her.

"Three weeks went by like this, the captain in front every night. I kept a close watch upon the pair, for I thought that, however she might carry on her flirtation, Joe's wife was true at heart, and would not do him any deliberate wrong. She was very young and very willful, but I fancied my influence would go a long way with her in any desperate emergency. So I kept my eye upon her and her admirer, and there was rarely a night that I did not see the captain's back turned upon the door of Mrs. Waylie's lodgings before I went home to my own supper.

"Joe was not expected home for another week, and the regiment was to leave town in a couple of days. Caroline told me this one morning with evident pleasure, and I was overjoyed to find she did not really care for Captain Jocelyn.

"'Not a bit, you silly old man,' she said; 'I like his admiration and I like his presents, but I know there's no one in the world worth Joe. I'm very glad the regiment will be gone when Joe comes back. I shall have had my bit of fun, you know, and I shall tell Joe all about it; and as Captain Jocelyn will have gone to the other end of the world, he can't object to the presents—tributes offered to my genius, as the captain says in his notes.'

"I felt by no means sure that Joseph Waylie would consent to his wife's retaining these tributes, and I told her as much.

"'Oh! nonsense,' she said. 'I can do what I like with Joe. He'll be quite satisfied when he sees Captain Jocelyn's respectful letters. I couldn't part with my darling little watch for the world.'

"When I went to the theatre next night I found the captain standing talking to Caroline just inside the stage door. He seemed very earnest, and was begging her to do something which she said was impossible. It was his last night in town, you see, and I have very little doubt that he was asking her to run away with him—for I believe the man was over head and ears in love with her—and that she was putting him off in her laughing, coquettish way.

"'I won't take your answer now,' he said, very seriously. 'I shall wait for you at the door to-night. You can't mean to break my heart, Caroline; the answer must be yes.'

"She broke away from him hurriedly. 'Hark!' she said, 'there's the overture; and in half an hour I must be upon the stage.'

"I passed the captain in the dark passage, and a few paces farther on passed some one else whose face I could not see, but whose short, hurried breathing sounded like that of a person who had been running. We brushed against one another as we passed, but the man took no notice of me.

"Half an hour afterward I was lounging in a corner of the ring, while Caroline went through her performances with the tiger. Captain Jocelyn was in his usual place, with a bouquet in his hand. It was New Year's night, and the house was very full. I had been looking all round for some time, when I was startled by the sight of a face in the pit. It was Joseph Waylie's face, ashy pale, and fixed as death—a face that meant mischief.

"'He has heard something against his wife,' I thought. 'I'll run round to him directly I can get out of the ring, and make matters square. Some confounded scandalmonger has got hold of him, and has been poisoning his mind about Caroline and the Captain.' I knew there had been a good deal of talk in the theatre about the two—talk which I had done my best to put down.

"Captain Jocelyn threw his bouquet, which was received with a coquettish smile and a bright upward glance that seemed to express profound delight. I knew that this was mere stage-play; but how must it have looked to the jealous man, glaring with fixed eyes from his place at the back of the pit? I turned to look at him as the curtain fell upon the stage, but he was gone. He was going round to speak to his wife, no doubt. I left the ring immediately, and went to prepare her for the interview, and if needful, to stand between her and her husband's anger.

"I found her at the wing, trifling with her bouquet in an absent way.

"'Have you seen Joe?' I asked.

"'No,' she answered. 'He hasn't come back, has he? I didn't expect him for a week.'

"'I know, my dear; but he was in front just now, looking as pale as a ghost. I'm afraid some one has been talking to him about you.'

"She looked rather frightened when I said this.

"'They can't say any harm of me, if they speak the truth,' she said. 'I wonder Joe didn't come straight to me, though, instead of going to the front of the house.'

"We were both wanted in the ring. I helped Caroline through her equestrian performance, and saw that she was a little nervous and anxious about Joe's return. She did not favor the captain with many more smiles that evening, and she told me to be ready for her at the stage-door ten minutes before the performance was over.

"'I want to give Captain Jocelyn the slip,' she said; 'but I dare say Joe will come to me before I'm ready.'

"Joe did not appear, however, and she went home with me. I met the captain on my way back, and he asked me if I had been seeing Mrs. Waylie home. I told him yes, and that her husband had come home. Joe had not arrived at the lodgings, however, when Caroline went in, and I returned to the theatre to look for him. The stage-door was shut, when I went back; so I supposed that Joe had gone home by another way, or was out drinking. I went to bed that night very uneasy in my mind about Caroline and her husband.

"There was an early rehearsal of a new interlude next morning, and Caroline came into the theatre five minutes after I got there. She looked pale and ill. Her husband had not been home.

"'I think it must have been a mistake of yours about Joe,' she said to me. 'I don't think it could have been him you saw in the pit last night.'

"'I saw him as surely as I see you at this moment, my dear,' I answered. 'There's no possibility of a mistake. Joe came back last night, and Joe was in the pit while you were on with the tiger.'

"This time she looked really frightened. She put her hand to her heart suddenly, and began to tremble.

"'Why didn't he come home to me?' she cried, 'and where did he hide himself last night?'

"'I'm afraid he must have gone out upon the drink, my dear.'

"'Joe never drinks,' she answered.

"While she stood looking at me with that pale, scared face, one of our young men came running toward us.

"'You're wanted, Waters,' he said, shortly.

"'Where?'

"'Up stairs in the painting-room.'

"'Joe's room!' cried Caroline. 'Then he has come back. I'll go with you.'

"She was following me as I crossed the stage, but the young man tried to stop her.

"'You'd better not come just yet, Mrs. Waylie,' he said, in a hurried way that was strange to him. 'It's only Waters that's wanted on a matter of business.' And then, as Caroline followed close upon us, he took hold of my arm and whispered, 'Don't let her come.'

"I tried to keep her back, but it was no use.

"'I know it's my husband who wants you,' she said. 'They've been making mischief about me. You shan't keep me away from him.'

"We were on the narrow stair leading to the painting-room by this time. I couldn't keep Caroline off. She pushed past both of us, and ran into the room before we could stop her.

"'Served her right,' muttered my companion. 'It's all her doing.'

"I heard her scream as I came to the door. There was a little crowd in the painting-room round a quiet figure lying on the bench, and there was a ghastly pool of blood upon the floor. Joseph Waylie had cut his throat.

"'He must have done it last night,' said the manager. 'There's a letter for his wife on the table yonder. Is that you Mrs. Waylie? A bad business, isn't it? Poor Joseph!'

"Caroline knelt down by the side of the bench, and stopped there on her knees, as still as death, till the room was clear of all but me.

"'They think I deserve this, Waters,' she said, lifting her white face from the dead man's shoulder, where she had hidden it; 'but I meant no harm. Give me the letter.'

"'You'd better wait a bit, my dear,' I said.

"'No, no; give it me at once, please.'

"I gave her the letter. It was very short. The scene-painter had come back to the theatre in time to hear some portion of that interview between Captain Jocelyn and his wife. He evidently had believed her much more guilty than she was.

"'I think you must know how I loved you, Caroline,' he wrote; 'I can't face life with the knowledge that you've been false to me.'

"Of course there was an inquest. We worked it so that the jury gave a verdict of temporary insanity, and poor Joe was buried decently in the cemetery outside the town. Caroline sold the watch and the bracelet that Captain Jocelyn had given her, in order to pay for her husband's funeral. She was very quiet, and went on with the performance as usual a week after Joe's death, but I could see a great change in her. The rest of the company were very hard upon her, as I thought, blaming her for her husband's death, and she was under a cloud, as it were; but she looked as handsome as ever, and went through all her performances in her old daring way. I'm sure, though, that she grieved sincerely for Joe's death, and that she had never meant to do him wrong.

"We travelled all through the next summer, and late in November went back to Homersleigh. Caroline had seemed happier while we were away, I thought, and when we were going back she confessed as much to me.

"'I've got a kind of dread of seeing that place again,' she said; 'I'm always dreaming of the painting-room as it looked that January morning with the cold light streaming in upon that dreadful figure on the beach. The room's scarcely been out of my dreams one night since I've been away from Homersleigh: and now I dread going back as if—as if *he* was shut up there.

"The room was not a particularly convenient one, and had been used for lumber after Joe's death. The man who came after him didn't care to paint there by himself all day long. On the first morning of our return Caroline went up and looked in at the dusty heap of disused stage furniture and broken properties. I met her coming away from the room.

"'Oh, Mr. Waters!' she said to me, with real feeling, 'if he had only waited to hear me speak for myself! They all think I deserved what happened, and perhaps I did, as far as it was a punishment for my frivolity; but Joe didn't deserve such a fate. I know it was their malicious talk that did the mischief."

"I fancied after this that her looks changed for the worse, and that she had a kind of nervous way in going through her equestrian performances, as if there was a fever upon her. I couldn't judge so well how she went through the tiger act, as I was never on the stage with her, but the brute seemed as submissive as ever. On the last day of the year she asked our manager to let her off for the next night. 'It is the anniversary of my husband's death,' she said.

"'I didn't know you were so precious fond of him,' he answered, with a sneer. 'No, Mrs. Waylie, we can't afford to dispense with your services to-morrow night. The tiger act is one of our strong features with the gallery, and I expect a full house for New Year's night.'

"She begged him very hard to let her off, but it was no use. There was no rehearsal on New Year's morning, and she went to the little cemetery where Joe was buried, a three-miles' walk in the cold and rain. In the evening, when she came to the wing, her eyes were brighter than usual, and she shivered a good deal more than I liked to see.

"'I think I must have caught cold in the cemetery to-day,' she said to me when I noticed this. 'I wish I could have kept this night sacred—this one night—to my husband's memory. He has been in my mind so much to-day.'

"She went on, and I stood at the wing watching her. The audience applauded vociferously, but she did not make her accustomed courtesy; and she went about her work in a listless way that was very different from her usual spirited manner. The animal seemed to know this, and when she had got about half way through her tricks with him he began to respond to her word of command in a sulky, unwilling manner that I didn't like. This made her angry, and she used her light whip more freely than usual.

"One of the tiger's concluding tricks was a leap through a garland of flowers which Caroline held for him. She was kneeling in the centre of the stage with this garland in her hands, ready for the animal's spring, when her eyes wandered to the front of the house, and she rose suddenly with a shrill scream, and her arms outstretched wildly. Whether the sulky brute thought that she was going to strike him or not, I don't know; but he sprang savagely at her as she rose, and in the next moment she was lying on the ground helpless, and the audience screaming with terror I rushed upon the stage with half-a-dozen others, and we had the brute muzzled and roped in a few breathless moments, but not before he had torn Caroline's cheek and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her off the stage; and she was confined to her bed three months after the accident with brain-fever. When she came among us again she had lost every vestige of color, and her face had that set look which you must have observed just now."

"The fright of her encounter with the tiger gave her that look," I said; "I don't much wonder at."

"Not a bit of it," answered the clown. "That's the curious part of the story. She didn't think any thing of her skirmish with the tiger, though it quite spoilt her beauty. What frightened her was the sight of her husband sitting in the pit, as he had sat there a year before, on the night of his death. Of course you'll say it was a delusion, and so say I. But she declares she saw him sitting among the crowd—among them, and yet not one of them, somehow, with a sort of ghastly light upon his face that marked him out from the rest. It was the sight of him that made her drop her garland and give that scream and rush that frightened the tiger. You see that she had been brooding upon his death for a long time, and no doubt she conjured up his image out of her own brain, as it were. She's never been quite the same since that fever; but she has plenty of pluck, and there's scarcely anything she can't do now with Baber the tiger, and I think she's fonder of him than of any human creature, in spite of the scar on her cheek."

☞ An officer attached to the staff of General Custar, having his wife and child with him just before the celebrated fight with the Indians out West, about two years ago, gave them in charge of a friendly Indian to take beyond the line of the enemy. The Indian procured a mule and started on his journey. On reaching bog mire he proposed to the mother to take over the child first and return for her. When half way over the mule suddenly stopped and began slowly to sink, until mule, Indian, and child disappeared. The mother, on reaching New York, met Mr. Bergh, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, related her sad story. "Oh, Mr. Bergh!" she exclaimed, "words cannot convey what I suffered on the occasion, as I stood upon the bank watching my poor child perish within my sight, and unable to render any assistance. Ah! Mr. Bergh, fancy if you can what were the feelings of a mother on that occasion, as she saw her darling disappear from her sight." "Yes," said Mr. Bergh, "that's all very well, but, Madam, fancy the feelings of the mule!"

☞ Many of our readers have no doubt heard of the death of Amelia Garcia, the famous singer at one time—in the height of her theatrical fame—she was acknowledged the beauty of her profession. She died, it is said, from the effects of poison administered by her own hands, and, as the New Orleans Picayune says, after taking the poison she seated herself at the piano, and for more than an hour played and sang. Her rich, thrilling voice, rising to its full compass, revelled in the sweetest music the listeners had ever heard. Strains of passionate sorrow mingled with the sorrowful cadence of a funeral dirge as the dying cantatrice sang her life away.

☞ There is a family residing on Euclid street that own a cat of the Thomas variety who is nearly twenty years old. He can remember clear back before Perry's monument was erected, and his footmarks are upon every foot within a mile of his home. The number of bootjacks thrown at him would keep the city in kindling wood for ten years to come, and his back has been curved in so many fights that he now looks like a small dromedary when gayly perambulating a chimney top. Not until some more deadly explosive than nitro-glycerine is discovered, will an attempt be made to kill him.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Delicate Creatures.—This is the phrase applied by His Blackness, the Moor of Venice, to the fair ladies of Italy. It was the lovely complexion of Desdemona, such a radiant contrast to his own, that won his heart; and sooth to say, every man of discernment considers a fair skin, like a sweet voice, "an excellent thing in woman." Now this is a charm which can be *acquired*. There is a healthful and odoriferous toilet article, known everywhere as HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM, which literally transfigures a cloudy or sallow skin, suffusing the discolored face, neck, arms and bosom with a soft, pearly tinge, and imparting to the surface a smoothness and a gloss like that of polished marble. Instead of clogging the pores, like the sticky enamels, or contracting them, and thus obstructing perspiration, like the astringent cosmetics, it cleanses the skin from all impurities and wonderfully improves its texture. This peculiarity is particularly appreciated by our rural belles, who find that the coarseness and roughness, which country air is apt to engender, are speedily removed from their faces, hands and arms, by this delightful preparation.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Tore in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

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The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

(Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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ap22-1f

What Dyspepsia May End In.

Indigestion is not dangerous, say the faculty. Perhaps not in itself, while it remains mere indigestion; but look at the consequences to which it may lead, and often does lead when it becomes a chronic disease. A spark of fire is a small thing. A pressure of the foot will put it out; a breath will extinguish it. Yet it may fire a powder mill, or kindle a flame that will consume a city. In like manner, indigestion may produce gastritis, cancer of the stomach, congestion of the bowels, apoplexy, liver disease, and many other dangerous maladies. Is it not wise, then, to check it in the germ? Nothing is more clearly and indisputably established than that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will eradicate dyspepsia in all its stages. The true policy, however, is to extinguish it in the first stages with this wholesome, powerful, and infallible tonic and alterative. It is easier to quench a spark than a flame, and it is easier to cure dyspepsia when it is first developed, than when it has made headway by neglect, and become complicated with other ailments. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the bitters are as directly antagonistic to dyspepsia as water is to fire. There are thousands of cases on record proving this fact. The remedy is safe and agreeable. All the liquors of commerce prescribed as stimulants leave a sting behind. But the sting is taken out of the spirituous basis of this great remedy by vegetable medication, and moreover, the stimulant thus medicated is of exceptional purity. Of all tonics taken as safeguards or remedies for fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other epidemics, it is the only one that can uniformly be depended on. march2-1m

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☞ A scarlet bat is announced among the wonders of Nevada.

THE
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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR 16, 1872.

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One Copy, - - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($3.00) for $3.00.

Our club terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

4 copies,	-	-	-	-	-	-	$5.00
8 "	(and one to getter-up of club,)					-	12.00
14 "	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.	-	20.00
20 "	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.	-	28.00
50 "	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.	-	65.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

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No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

REMOVAL.—N. W. Ayer & Son, General Advertising Agents, have removed to No. 733 Sansom street, the increase of their business having obliged them to seek more commodious accommodations. We have always found Messrs. Ayer & Son very prompt and reliable in their dealings, and we are therefore pleased to hear that they are prospering in their business.

ICE-MAKING IN THE TROPICS.

The natives commence their preparations by marking out a rectangular piece of ground 120 feet long by 20 broad, in an easterly and westerly direction, from which the soil is removed to the depth of two feet. This excavation is smoothed, and is allowed to remain exposed to the sun to dry, when rice straw in small sheaves is laid in an oblique direction in the hollow, with loose straw upon the top, to the depth of a foot and a half, leaving its surface half a foot below that of the ground. Numerous beds of this kind are formed, with narrow pathways between them, in which large earthen water-jars are sunk in the ground for the convenience of having water near, to fill the shallow unglazed earthen vessels in which it is to be frozen. These dishes are nine inches in diameter at the top, diminishing to four and three-tenth inches at the bottom, one and three-tenth inches deep, and three-tenths of an inch in thickness, and are so porous as to become moist throughout when water is put into them.

During the day the loose straw in the beds above the sheaves is occasionally turned up, so that the whole may be kept dry, and the water-jars between the beds are filled with soft, pure water from the neighboring pools. Towards evening the shallow iron dishes are arranged in rows upon the straw, and by means of small earthen pots, tied to the extremities of long bamboo rods, each is filled about a third with water. The quantity, however, varies according to the expectation of ice—which is known by the clearness of the sky, and the steadiness with which the wind blows from the north-northwest. When favorable, about eight ounces of water is put into each dish, and when less is expected, from two to four ounces is the usual quantity; but, in all cases, more water is put into the dishes nearest the western end of the beds, as the sun first falls on that part, and the ice is thus more easily removed, from its solution being quicker.

There are about 4,590 plates in each of the beds last made, and if we allow five ounces for each dish, which presents a surface of about four inches square, there will be an aggregate of 239 gallons, and a surface of 1,530 square feet of water in each bed.

In the cold season, when the temperature of the air at the ice-fields is under 50 deg. Fahrenheit, and there are gentle airs from the northern and western direction, ice forms in the course of the night in each of the shallow dishes. Persons are stationed to observe when a small film appears upon the water in the dishes, when the contents of several are mixed together, and thrown over the other dishes. This operation increases the congealing process; as a state of calmness has been discovered by the natives to diminish the quantity of ice produced. When the sky is quite clear, with gentle steady airs from the north-northwest, which proceed from the hills of considerable elevation near Bheerboom, about 100 miles from Hooghly, the freezing commences before or about midnight, and continues to advance until morning, when the thickest ice is formed. I have seen it seven-tenths of an inch in thickness, and in a few very favorable nights the whole of the water is frozen, when it is called by the natives solid ice. When it commences to congeal, between two and three o'clock in the morning, thinner ice is expected, called paper-ice; and when about four or five o'clock in the morning the thinnest is obtained, called flower-ice.

Upwards of 250 persons, of all ages, are actively employed in securing the ice for some hours every morning that ice is procured, and this forms one of the most animated scenes to be witnessed in Bengal. In a favorable night upwards of ten hundred weight of ice will be obtained from one bed, and from twenty beds upwards of ten tons.

When the wind attains a southerly or easterly direction, no ice is formed, from its not being sufficiently dry; not even though the temperature of the air be lower than when it is made with the wind more from a northern or western point. The north-northwest is the most favorable direction of wind for making ice, and this diminishes in power as it approaches due north, or west. In the latter case more latitude is allowed than from the north-northwest to the north. So great is the influence of the direction of wind on the ice, that when it changes in course of a night from north-northwest to a less favorable direction, the change not only prevents formation of more ice, but dissolves what may have been formed. On such occasions a mist is seen hovering over the ice-beds, from the moisture over them, and the quantity condensed by the cold wind. A mist in like manner forms over deep tanks during favorable nights for making ice.

Another important circumstance in the production of ice is the amount of wind. When it approaches a breeze no ice is formed. This is explained by such rapid currents of air removing the cold air before any accumulation of ice has taken place in the ice-beds. It is for these reasons that the thickest ice is expected when during the day a breeze has blown from the northwest which thoroughly dries the ground.—*Nature.*

☞ At a fancy ball in Florence, the Princess Strozzi wore a dress so heavy with jewels and gold damask, that, as soon as all her guests had arrived, she changed it for a lighter costume, which would enable her to move with something like ease.

☞ A story is told of a tavern-keeper by the name of A. S. Camp. The painter, in painting his sign, left out the stops; so it read, "Tavern kept by A S Camp."

"AM RHEIN."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

I dreamed last night of a river,
A river glad and free,
That flows through the dear old country
Into a northern sea.
Oh, bright in the glowing sunlight
The dancing waters shine,
As it winds through the peaceful valley,—
A blessing on the Rhine!

Ah! many a haughty foeman
Has vainly sought to wrest
From our hands the gleaming jewel
We prize and love the best;
While, from North to South unbroken,
Our peasants form a line,
They never shall take from us
Our Freedom and the Rhine.

Around our smiling vineyards
Its foaming water leaps,
It knows that with its torrents
The blood of heroes sweeps.
It goes to tell the ocean
Of brave hearts left behind,
That guard the glorious river
Which chains shall never bind.

Though fair the dimpled waters
Of Susquehanna roll,
I cannot check the passion
Of yearning in my soul,
And though here are kindest voices,
My thoughts go o'er the sea
To a valley, and a river,
And a grave in Germany;

Back to the haunts of childhood,
And the merry days of old,
The green and pleasant meadows,
And the cornfields' waving gold;
And where round the ruined castle
The kindly ivies twine,
And dear as the voice of the mother,
Comes the music of the Rhine.

But oft I think, in the winter,
Of a hillside, brown and bleak,
And wonder if birds in spring-time
That quiet tomb will seek;
Ah! many a weary exile,
Away on a foreign strand,
Remembers, with a heart-ache
The graves of the Fatherland.

I dreamed last night of a river,
A river glad and free,
That flows through the dear old country
Into a northern sea.
Oh, bright in the glowing sunlight
The dancing waters shine,
As it winds through the peaceful valley,
A blessing on the Rhine!

DE QUINCEY AS A CONVERSATIONIST.

Almost as wonderful as Coleridge's were the conversational powers of Thomas De Quincey. While yet a youth at Oxford he astonished all who came in contact with him as well by his great colloquial as by his extraordinary mental gifts. "Yonder boy," said a learned professor to a distinguished visitor at Eton, "yonder boy, sir, could move an Athenian mob with his eloquence more easily than either you or I could an English one."

What a strange, remarkable being was De Quincey? A small, sickly-looking, attenuated man he was, with a head worthy of one of the old Greek philosophers, a face deeply carved by intense thought and suffering and yet almost infantile in its outline and expression. Indifferent as to his dress or personal appearance, he often presented a singular spectacle. Sometimes he might be met enveloped in an overcoat two or three sizes too large for him, the skirts of it trailing in the mud; sometimes with a boy's cap pulled down over his eyes, or with a pair of trowsers on that scarcely reached to the tops of his well-worn shoes. If he met a friend on the street he would borrow a shilling of him to get a dinner, and probably at the same time had he but thought of it, he might have found a fifty or a hundred pound bank bill in a corner of his vest pocket. It is not singular that strangers were often incredulous when told that this uncouth, unattractive little man was the same that had astonished the world with the revelations of an "Opium Eater."

Few men were even better fitted for the higher order of conversation than De Quincey. He was a compendium of human learning, and yet when he pleased no one could talk on learned subjects with less show of pedantry. His voice was clear and musical and his memory very tenacious. He seemed to have read everything in ancient literature and in modern. He wielded the English language as no prose author has ever done before or since his time, and as he used his mother tongue in writing so he used it in conversation. In both were to be found the same severe logic, brilliant rhetoric, keen wit, subdued humor and pathos. Both took an equal range over the wide and varied fields of philosophy, metaphysics, poetical and biograpical criticism.

But let us view him as he has been once or twice photographed, as it were, in conversation. A gentleman who visited him in 1854 thus records his impressions of him after a half-hour's conversation—"We have listened to Sir William Hamilton at his own fireside, to Carlyle, walking in the parks of London, to Lamartine in the midst of a favored few at his own house, to Cousin at the Sorbonne, and to many others, but never have we heard such sweet music of eloquent speech as then flowed from De Quincey's tongue. Strange light beamed from that grief-worn face, and for a little while that weak body, so long fed upon by pain, seemed to be clothed with supernatural youth."

Eloquent, however, as he was at all times, he was supremely eloquent when under the influence of his favorite drug. He once made an extended visit at the home of "Christopher North," where he was permitted to have a regular allowance, an ounce of opium each day. Mrs. Gordon, in her delightful memoir of her father, tells us how De Quincey, while there, would, after taking his opium, stretch himself at full length on a rug before the fire, with a couple of books under his head instead of a pillow, and how he would lie in that position for hours in profound unconsciousness.

Honest "Kit North," with perhaps a pardonable pride in his eccentric guest, liked to exhibit De Quincey as he appeared on first recovering from the stupor into which the opium had plunged him, for then his tongue seemed touched with an eloquence almost divine. He accordingly would regulate his parties so that the company might have an opportunity of seeing, or rather of hearing De Quincey at his best. Mrs. Gordon says that these gatherings were often prolonged to three or four o'clock in the morning in order to hear the "Opium Eater's" wonderful eloquence.

It is singular that De Quincey, possessing as he did such a mastery over language, never attempted to adapt his conversation to the comprehension of his listener. He addressed an illiterate porter, housemaid, or prowling beggar on the most trivial subjects in the same precise and measured language as he would have addressed a Cambridge professor on a disputed point in metaphysics, or Porson on a classical emendation. In this respect he differed much from Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Gordon has preserved a specimen of the style in which he (De Quincey) was wont to address her father's housekeeper when giving her directions as to the preparation of his food, and did it not come from any less friendly source we should take it as a caricature or parody. He simply wanted his meat cut with the grain or fibre, instead of across it, and this is the way in which he conveyed to her that fact: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much so indeed as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form." No wonder that the simple Scotchwoman exclaimed to her mistress that "Mr. De Quinshey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a bantle of the folk would na'ken what he was driving at."

An eminent living writer who knew him well has drawn him as he appeared one morning at a friend's house, stretched upon the floor with but one article of clothing on him, surrounded by an abattis of books, wildly gesticulating over a Greek classic in which he had just discovered an important error, and shouting with all his might—"Eureka!" "As he expounded it," says the writer, "turning up his unearthly face from the book with an almost painful expression of grave earnestness, it occurred to me that I had seen something like the scene in Dutch paintings of the Temptations of St. Anthony."

VIOLINS.

I have never been able to class violins with other instruments. They seem to possess a quality and character of their own. Indeed, it is difficult to contemplate a fine old violin without something like awe; to think of the scenes it has passed through long before we were born, and the triumphs it will win long after we are dead; to think of the numbers who have played on it, and loved it as a kind of second soul of their own; of all who have been thrilled by its sensitive vibrations; the great works of genius which have found in it a willing interpreter; the brilliant festivals it has celebrated; the solitary hours it has beguiled; the pure and exalted emotions it has been kindling for perhaps two hundred years; and then to reflect upon its comparative indestructibility! Organs are broken up, their pipes are redistributed, and their identity destroyed; horns are battered and broken, and get out of date; flutes have undergone all kinds of modifications; clarionets are things of yesterday; harps warp and rot; piano-fortes are essentially short-lived; but the sturdy violin outlasts them all. If it gets cracked, you can glue it up; if it gets bruised, you can patch it almost without injury; you can take it to pieces from time to time, strengthen and put it together again, and even if it gets smashed, it can often be repaired without losing its individuality, and not unfrequently comes home from the workshop better than ever, and prepared to take a new lease of life for at least ninety-nine years.

Rome was not built in a day, nor was the violin the invention of any one man or age. Like the piano, its elements may be said to have come together from the four quarters of the globe. They appear to have been combined in every possible proportion, until endless experiments and the most grotesque forms resulted at length in the singularly perfect and exquisitely simple instrument known as the Cremona violin, which no time seems likely to impair, and no art seems able to improve.

The violin is, and must ever remain, the most fascinating of instruments not only to the hearer and the player, but even to the collector. There seems to be a strangely sensitive, almost human element about it, which exists in no other instrument, and which goes far to explain the enormous prices paid for some of the fine violins: 300 and even 400 guineas are not unfrequently paid down cheerfully for a single one. No doubt there is often some "fancy" in the price. You meet with a violin that suits you, and it is simply worth anything that you can afford to pay. Different instruments, equally fine in their way, have separate qualities and peculiar characters; and the violin which in some hands will prove unmanageable, will yield up to others all its hidden and mysterious sweetness. No instrument is so capricious or so absorbing. If one string chances to be a little too thick, the others will rebel; it will take to some particular bridge, and reject others; it will have its bridge in one place, and only one; it feels every change in the weather, like a barometer, and has to be rubbed and coaxed and warmed into good humor like a child. Sometimes after being caressed, and, above all, played into splendid condition, the sensitive way in which it responds to each tiny variation of the touch will entrance and astonish the player himself. Thus it will often seem as if the player found quite as much power as he brought; and if at times he dictates to the violin, the violin, at others, seems to subdue him, and carry him away with its own sweetness, until he forgets his own mind, and follows the lead and suggestion of his marvellous companion.

We have no room left for hints to amateur violinists, but we may as well close with two practical remarks:

First. Do not take up the violin unless you mean to work hard at it. Any other instrument may be more safely trifled with.

Secondly. It is almost hopeless to attempt to learn the violin after the age of ten.—*H. R. Haweis.*

The High Calling of Tillers of the Soil.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that the farmer has grave trusts confided to him. In the great household of nature the farmer stands at the door of the bread room and weighs to each his loaf. The glory of the farmer is, that in the division of labor it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive authority. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and the meat. The food which was not he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work, but every one has an exceptional respect for tillage, and the feeling that this is the original calling of his race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. If he had not some skill which recommended him to the farmer, some product for which the farmer gives him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm as standing nearest to God, the first cause. Then the beauty of nature, the tranquility and innocence of the countryman, his independence, and his pleasing arts—the care of bees, of poultry, of sheep, of cows, the dairy, the care of hay, of fruits, of orchards and forests, and the reaction of these on the workman in giving him strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature—all men acknowledge. All men keep the farm in reserve as an asylum, where, in case of mischance, to hide their poverty, or a solitude if they do not succeed in society.

A DISTRESSING SITUATION.

Antipodian newspaper publishers have a hard time. A letter from the editor of an Australian paper published in Victoria, mourns over the dull times and the scarcity of the circulating medium. An idea may be formed of their desperate strait by the following extract from the letter of our far-off contemporary:

"We look for better times when the thirty thousand convicts arrive from Paris. You may judge of our wretched condition when I inform you that we have only had one murder in our town for the last two years, and not a robbery worth anything for nearly eighteen months. We send our young men out to collect news over an area of twenty square miles, and back they come with a paltry accident or a contemptible petty larceny. The suicide of some unfortunate wretch is quite a God-send to us."—*Knoxville Chronicle.*

CIRCE.

BY NORA PERRY.

You hold my heart in your slender hands,
In your cold, your cruel, careless hands,
In your beautiful hands, tanned by a breath
Like the breath of the rose, it is dying its death;

In your beautiful hands with their glitter of rings,
Each ring a trophy that scornfully sings
Of other hearts that have lain like mine
On your cruelly beautiful, pitiless shrine;

Of other hearts that have gone to their death,
Swooned to sleep by that sweet, sweet breath,
That breath of the rose that comes and goes
As the smiling, beautiful lips unclose,

When night after night down dizzying dances
They lodge and follow your dazzling glances,
While round and round by the music whirled,
As I'd follow and follow you over the world!

Then hold me fast in your slender hands,
In your cruelly beautiful, pitiless hands;
Let me forever be dying my death,
Swooned to sleep by that sweet, sweet breath:

Let me forever be whirling there,
Lost in a trance divinely fair;
Let me forever be stricken and slain,
And dying with this delicious pain!—*Galaxy.*

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST;—Another week has gone by, and again I sit down to tell you of the trifling things of earth; to talk to you of those little items of dress and adornment seemingly so unimportant in themselves, but which nevertheless make, or mar, so much of what we call the happiness of life. I don't know that I shall interest you much, and perhaps it isn't right that I should, for it is the Lenten season now, when you and I and everybody else are expected to wear our plainest garb, and dine off cold victuals, and think of more serious things than tucks and frills; besides all this, it is kind of between times anyhow, and there isn't much that is new to talk about if I felt ever so worldly. We have March winds, but you probably know that—I'm very certain you do if you have been on the promenade in all the elegance of a handsome feminine toilet. Of course it would be highly improper and dreadfully wicked to think "swear" under the most trying circumstances; but when you find your elegant dove-tailed train winding around your feet, your beautifully embroidered talma blown entirely over your head, exposing the faded out sontag that you "just put on for fear of taking cold," your hat slapped down over your nose, and every streamer and ribbon about you sailing off at right angles—at such a time, I say, perhaps if you could run across a profane boy, you wouldn't mind paying him ten cents or so, to express your sentiments regarding March winds.

Dreadful pranks it plays with female costumes, but that is not so bad after all, as the way it has of filling your nose, eyes, and ears with minute particles of the earth's surface. It don't feel nice to have a whirlwind of dust and pebble stones strike you square in the face, just as you discover dear Fitz Augustus, or dear Fitz Patrick within ten feet of you, and get your countenance wreathed in smiles; the chances are you duck your head suddenly, if not gracefully, and Fitz Augustus with too much dust in his own eyes to see what is the matter, imagines he has got the cut direct, and quickens his pace; so by the time you recover yourself you have the satisfaction if you look around, of catching a glimpse of his light Spring overcoat just as it disappears in the crowd, a whole block behind you.

There is a great deal said, too, about the effect of these winds on the complexion; awfully tanning, they say they are, and I guess it is so. Anyhow I notice that all such as are anyway particular as to the exact amount of "light complexion" they would retain, provide themselves with heavy veils, which they wind around and around their heads until their dearest friends would never think of recognizing them. I heard of a pretty blonde the other day, with a genteel little figure, a neat ankle that the provoking wind would persist in showing, and the tiniest little hand encased in "Alexandre's best," who accidentally ran across her own husband on the promenade. She knew he did not know her with all that depth and volume of grenadine veil, and she was surprised to see him cast so many admiring glances on one whom he could not but regard as a stranger. Women are curious creatures, they were made so, and they can't help it, so why should we blame this particular one for responding sweetly, when the stylishly attired gentleman at her side at last ventured to accost her. He told her her voice was strangely familiar, and he thought he must have met her somewhere before—and then he praised the graceful symmetry of her figure, complimented her on the exquisite beauty of her hand; and, in fact, showered more "sweetness" on her in their ten-minutes' walk than the pretty wife had listened to in two whole years. He gave her arm an affectionate little squeeze, too—a thing unusual with him—as he handed her into the stage; and worse than all the rest, he made an appointment to see her again at no distant day, when they would lunch together, and become better acquainted. In reality, there was nothing wrong in all this, because, don't you see, he was talking to his own wife. I don't know how they fixed the matter up afterward, but I presume there was something said about it, and some coaxing on one side, and crying on the other—that is the way it is generally done, but I don't know as it was the fault of either particularly that the misunderstanding occurred. As I look at it, it was the *veil* that made all the trouble. If that fellow had known it was his wife, he might have spoken to her: probably he would; but instead of promenading down the street in the cutting March wind, he would have had "an important case coming on in five minutes," and been in just the greatest hurry in the world. I wish I was a great moralist, so that I could go on now and speak of the guilt of that wretched husband, and point the readers of the POST to the important fact that it is the *motive* we should look at—and then I could say something sweet and sad about unappreciated wives—the loveliness that is left to wither and fade at home, while the possessor, unconscious of his prize, smilingly walks—"off on his ear."

But about veils! There is a novelty exhibited in our ware-rooms known as the Donna Maria gauze, a fabric somewhat thicker than grenadine, and ornamented with slots after the style of lace veils. Gray is the favorite color, and those who do not already possess one should invest at once. Brown, blue, and green are among the importations, and consequently will all be worn. There is no accounting for tastes, you know, but if ever you meet a sparkling brunette with ebon tresses, great, languishing black eyes, and an emerald-colored veil, set her down as a magnificent being whose ideas of harmony are, unfortunately, not up to the required standard. I see such things sometimes, and they make me sad. I see ladies who would be beautiful beyond description in gray veils, who will persist in making frights of themselves by wearing blue; and I see sweet faces that would be lovely in blue, rendered plain and prosy with a brown veil. So there it is. We can't have everything as we would in this life—"more's the pity;" but I do wish the people would veil themselves becomingly while they are about it. It don't cost any more, it isn't any more trouble, and they would be a great deal happier. Last year flowers on bonnets were not as popular as jet and feathers and voluminous knots of ribbon, but to set the matter right, bonnets this year will be nothing if not flowery. Some of our importers have placed cases of beautiful flame-tinted roses on exhibition. They call them French flowers, and maybe they are, but I doubt it. Anyhow they are dreadfully native American in one thing, and that is the putting of streaks of flame color and charred black on every petal, and calling this new tinting "Chicago-on-fire;" again, scarcely a green leaf is found among the roses; the foliage is all in Autumn colors, over which is an ashen gray hue, and this is christened "Chicago-in-ashes."

That don't sound very Parisian to me. The French have had fires enough of their own, and have no business to be appropriating any of ours—and I for one don't believe they have done anything of the kind. I don't wish to be understood, however, as saying anything against these prettily tinted roses. They are beautiful! And it doesn't make one particle of difference whether they were manufactured in some Paris workshop or by the fairy fingers of a rose-lipped daughter of America. Straw bonnets with black trimmings are among spring importations, and these little flame-streaked tea-roses with the ashen foliage are used very effectively on them.

You have noticed probably that English crape, the kind worn for mourning veils and trimmings, has a long irregular crinkle. I don't know why, but they have never been able to get that long crinkle into anything but *black* until this year; this season brings it to us in blue, ecru, and pale tints of pink and green; it is a great novelty, and is so much admired that it will be the leading material for hats and bonnets. There is a rumor that round hats will not be worn as universally as they have been by the young and middle-aged. I do not know how much faith to place in the rumor, but we all do know that hats and bonnets have had a fair and square stand-up fight every spring for the last three years, and every time hats have won, and I'm willing to risk my money on them again. I hope they will have something new and becoming though, for I confess I am getting a little tired of the present shape. They call it the "Henry III. toque." The name is enough to kill it. Though, speaking of names, they have made so much of Poor Richard of late, reproducing him in bronze, etc., that the ladies call their new Polonaises Franklin Coats, and have really adopted the long Continental and square pockets of revolutionary times. Could Franklin know this, it might be flattering to the old gentleman's vanity, if he had any; but if he should get a hint of the probable cost of some of them, I am afraid he would read the fair wearer such a lesson on the evils of extravagance as she would be likely to remember until—she wanted something else.

The new styles of overskirts are draped very far apart, and they are not wrinkling up the apron fronts in the absurd way they have been doing of late. I am glad of this, for there is an odor of tidiness about it that is exceedingly pleasant; how long the present fashion will last no one can foretell, but as it is graceful and has no objectionable features let us lay our hands on our hearts and in concert say:

"We rest so pleased with what we have,
We wish no more, no more we crave."

OLIVE KING.

THE DIGNITY OF LEGS.

Suggestions have been made that legs are going out; that, by a sort of Darwinian development-process, men who ride in street cars, and women who go in carriages, will change into cherubs, all head and shoulders, and that the coming race will not walk at all, but like the gods of poets, "glide" through space. And it must be admitted there is a fearful neglect of the lower extremities. What with elevators to obviate the necessity for climbing, and street cars to do away with walking, and tight boots to complete the work by the destruction of the feet, and awkward Grecian bends to make locomotion difficult, there is a tendency, doubtless, to a spindle-shanked degeneracy. But let us not glorify it. Degeneracy is degeneracy. Let us not delude ourselves into the belief that it is a road which leads to perfection. For the legs are the keepers of human dignity. No man has a commanding, a dignified, or even a respectable personal presence who has not good pillars beneath him. An orator's invectives can no more effectively be hurled from a bad footing than a warrior's javeline. In speech the legs take the recoil from the discharge, and if they are well planted the force of the utterance is greatly increased. There is no dignity without them. When Solomon drew his wonderful picture of the imbecility of age, the palsied legs were not forgotten. "The keepers of the house shall tremble." Shakspeare sends man off the scene in the next act to the very last one, a "lean and slippered pantaloon." Nothing can better express the growing infirmity of mind and body than this touch of the lank legs and slipshod feet.

There is as much character in a man's walk as in his face. See how he plants his feet. If he "put his foot down" to stay, you can depend upon him. If he tread weakly, or hesitatingly, or creepingly like a cat, or overbearingly—that is, in a roughshod way—or energetically, or languidly, or shufflingly, or bustlingly, or timidly, or recklessly, you can in any event read the man by the tracks he makes. And the legs and the feet he carries have much to do with this expression. This is why our great orators are impatient of pulpits and rostrums. They want to speak with the whole body.

Lowell understood how thoroughly the honesty and dignity of a man pervaded his legs, when he makes Mr. Biglow describe some one's integrity as extending "from roots o' hair to sole o' stocking." An honest pair of legs are as essential to the presentableness of a man as they are to the salableness of a horse. The French describe a man's self-possession by saying that he has great aplomb—great perpendicularity, if you please.

What shall we say, then, of all the mean devices, the boots which turn the foot into a cornfield, the slipshods, the high heels which make women walk on stilts, the Grecian bend that throws the perfect and upright column of the human body into a distorted position? What shall we say of the helplessness that does not walk enough to keep the legs strong and firm? What, but all that these are evidences of mental deformity and imbecility—all these are only unhealthful ungliness?

Something Worth Knowing.

It is worth while to know how to stop bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery which supplies blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. Two small arteries, branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jaw-bone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example,-pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it, and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessel in the nose has time to contract.

UNTOLD.

A face may be woeful white to cover a heart's that's aching;
And a face may be full of light over a heart's that's breaking;

'Tis not the heaviest grief for which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn where none save Christ can find them.

For the loved who leave our side our souls are well nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we hide have pity, tender Heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the weary feet that may not rest to-morrow.
—*Independent.*

SPANISH MANNERS.

Spanish manners are gradually changing, but enough remains to show their feudal type tinged with Orientalism. The regular Castilian grandee, the hidalgo of old days, whom Raleigh knew, was something between a pasha of the best Osmanli breed and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was grave and impassive, but he loved adventure; was ready to fight for his king or his mistress; and was punctilious in all that regards ceremony and courtesy. And, to this day, in districts quite remote from the Castiles, one still sees that a figure of this kind is the ideal upon which the manners of society have been formed. The unreality of the whole affair only reveals itself and suggests ludicrous emotions gradually. At first there is something imposing in a solemnity which seems raised above all that is little, and attractive in a politeness which places the house where you visit—*á la disposicion de Usted*—at the disposition of your worship or grace. "I kiss the feet of your grace, lady," says the gentleman. "I kiss the hand of your grace, cavalier," answers the lady. "*Guste Usted á comer?*" is the invitation to eat, given by everybody, as he moves off to his meal, or, more briefly, "*Guste Usted?*" if it makes its appearance while you happen to be in the house. Even an old woman eating a sardine upon a bit of bread in her shop, makes the offer to a casual customer. So in smaller matters. A Spaniard raises his hat slightly on entering the waiting-room of the railway-station, and salutes the strangers whom he finds in a railway carriage. It is, perhaps, on paper, however, that the true Spanish ceremoniousness comes out best. A letter has B. S. M——, kisses his hands (the use of the third person, by-the-way, adds greatly to all these effects), even on the outside. And the style is that of a dispatch rather than of everyday concerns. Nothing is mentioned without some swelling epithet of praise. You read of "this cultivated and enlightened city"—a city where you may hunt all day in vain for a novel of George Sand's. A warehouse, as likely as not, is *illustrious warehouse* or a *renowned place of industry*. The biographer of a local worthy will talk of the elevated rank of his family, and in the next paragraph you find, most probably, that he was the son of a rather well-to-do apothecary.

But the reader must not fancy that the man who kisses his hands, on paper, will not thrust him to the wall (if big enough) should there be anything like pressure at a railway, an opera, or a ball. The courtesy of the country is a courtesy of forms, holding good when the forms can be complied with easily and comfortably, but giving way under the least pressure of selfishness. We have seen ladies looking vainly for seats in a splendid cafe, glittering with mirrors and gilding, and frequented by the best society—the *sociedad elegante*. Not a swarthy *caballero* moved, but all remained smoking (and spitting) at their ease. Yet such men knowing literally less about Europe than an educated Hindoo, would be sure to uphold Spanish manners as something unique. The truth is, that it is a mere delusion either that the manners of the grandees are equal to those of well-bred Englishmen or Americans, or that the general masses of Spain are more civil and agreeable than those of England and this country.

A GOLDEN BRIDGE.

From the London Punch.

Mr. Punch, considering it his duty to step forward at the present moment, and to suggest an easy and honorable arrangement of the American question, has prepared the following Schedule of English Claims for Compensation. It is manifest that they are all absolutely just, and he is sure that the American Government will admit that fact. Therefore, all that remains to be done is this:—Let Mr. Hamilton Fish append his signature, and the words "All right" (he may add "old hoss" or not, as he may think the American nation would desire), and then the two Governments have but to exchange receipts for their respective claims.

HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT CLAIM COMPENSATION

	£.	s.	d.
For twenty years of violent abuse poured upon England by the New York Herald, in the interest of Slavery, and up to the date when the editor of that paper was informed that he must really be thrown if he would not desist from treason to the United States		0	0
For similar abuse, in nobody's interests in particular, since the above date		0	0
For encouraging the Fenians, and putting Canada in dread of a Fenian invasion		0	0
For promoting the Irish American press to abuse England		0	0
For inducing many persons in England to use the word "reliable" instead of "trustworthy"			
For allowing Mr. G. F. Train (our enemy) to be out of a lunatic Asylum		0	0
For the use of the works of ancient English authors from William Shakspeare downwards, and for calling them American authors		0	0
For piracy on modern English authors, and for not calling a great many of them American authors		0	0
For spelling a great number of decent second-rate English actors, and sending them home with the idea that they were Keans and Kembles		0	0
For insulting the King's or Queen's English by speaking it, for fifty years, badly		0	0
For eclipsing the harmless gaiety of nations by suddenly stopping the supply of capital nigger stocks, which have now entirely ceased		0	0
For outraging humanity by not annexing Mexico, and putting an end to its atrocities		0	0
For putting us under an obligation by the grateful return of that Arctic vessel. "Thy Love is worth		0	0
For attempting to destroy the monarchical principles of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, by treating him with so much kindness and hospitality that H. R. H. was induced to think well of Republicans		0	0
For persuading Mademoiselle Nilsson to leave London for America, and for still detaining that songstress		0	0
For inventing Herr Breitmann, instead of leaving to some Englishman the honor of inventing him		0	0
For incessantly reproducing pictures from Punch, and never acknowledging their source			No charge.
		0	0

This is our Bill.
GLADSTONE, PUNCH & CO.

ONCE.

Once, to your sight,
As May-buds swell in the sun's warm light,
So grew her soul,
Yielding itself to your sweet control.

Once, if you spoke,
Echoing strains in her heart awoke,
Sending a thrill
All through its chambers sweet and still.

Once, if you said,
"Sweet, with love's garland I crown your head,"
Ah, how the rose
Flooded her forehead's pale repose!

Once, if your lip
Dared the pure sweetness of hers to sip,
Softly and meek
Dark lashes drooped on a white-rose cheek.

Once, if your name
Some one but whispered, a sudden flame
Burned on her cheek,
Telling a story she would not speak.

Once—ah, I sin
Raising the ghost of what once has been!
Yet list, I pray,
To one plain truth that I speak to-day:

You do but wait
At a sepulchre's sealed gate;
Her love is dead,
Bound hand and foot in its narrow bed.

Why did it die?
Ask of your soul the reason why:
Question it well,
And surely the secret it will tell.

But if your heart
Ever again plays the lover's part,
Let this truth be
Blent with the solemn mystery:

Pure dame sedrea,
Downward dim not the altar fires;
And sky-larks soar
Up where the earth-mists vex no more.

Now loose your hold
From her white garment's spotless fold,
And let her pass,
While both hearts murmur, "Alas! alas!"

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PART FIRST.

BRITISH FLAG.

Ground blue. Central stripe of Cross red—marginal stripes white.

CHAPTER V.

All noble souls are kindred. Through the bars
Of Country and of Sect they shake warm hands.
And even o'er the yawning chasms wide
Of intervening Centuries, they send
Their messages of friendship and of cheer.

Several weeks have elapsed since the events narrated in our last chapter, and the British army is no longer at Germantown. Seeing the danger of dividing his forces, and being anxious to put himself in a position where he could safely detach a large body to reduce the American fortifications on the Delaware, Sir William Howe had marched one fine morning to the outskirts of Philadelphia. There he had erected a line of fortifications, extending from the Delaware to what is now called Fairmount on the Schuylkill, and then felt himself perfectly secure from any further audacious attempts at surprisal.

The note borne by Seth to Captain André had worked like a charm. Lieutenant Morris had not only been paroled but at once exchanged. And as a few weeks had made a great difference in his condition, he had already rejoined his troop.

It was on the morning of one of those beautiful days which crown with a halo of glory the American Autumn, that a party of four equestrians were preparing to set out from the house of Mrs. Pemberton. The usual crowd had collected around the steps to see the ladies mount—for when will not everybody stop and turn to see a young lady on horseback?—and, amid laughter and gay jests, the cavaliers had made a knee for their fair companions, and placed them in the saddle. There were but two couples—Isabella and Arthur Pemberton, Helen and Captain André.

The riding attire of the ladies was not very unlike that which is worn at present. The gentlemen wore the long breeches reaching to the ankle and lined with broad stripes of leather, called Cherry Vallies, which were often used for riding at that day in order to dispense with the high boots, which were heavier and clumsier.

"Where is Prince?" said Helen, after gathering up her reins; and she blew a silver hunting whistle which hung around her neck.

"Now, Helen," said Isabella—"let me entreat you not to take that dog. Prince is growing old and heavy, and we shall have a pretty long ride to-day."

"Yes, Miss Helen," added Arthur Pemberton, "I agree with your sister. Prince, before the day is done, would thank you for letting him remain at home."

"Just as you say," replied Helen. "See how amiable I am, Captain."

"Oh, I know you are a perfect paragon of amiability," returned André, smiling.

"What a pity that none of the rest of the party could go," said Isabella, addressing André. "What is in the wind, Captain?"

"I see that Foxey's largest flag is, for one thing," replied André evasively, looking up at the top of Mrs. Pemberton's house, on which a large British flag was streaming from a flag-staff.

"Why, Foxey," continued he, turning to the waiter, who stood on the pavement, "you have your largest flag out to-day."

"Yes, Massa Ander, old Foxey knowed you'uns were goin' horseback to-day. He allers hang out de big flag on de great occasums."

"You evaded Bella's question," said Helen, as they moved off at a gentle pace, or rack, as it is often termed.

"Yes, I did; there were so many standing by. But the officers could not go, as they happen to be on service to-day, and the ladies do not care to go without their escorts. Miss Franks threatened to go till the very last, but even her love of fun could not keep her up to it."

As they rode out Fourth street, then only sprinkled with houses, and unpaved like all of the streets at that time, a small crowd attracted their attention. It was gathered around one of the street musicians of that day—a negro with what was called a banjo, a kind of guitar made out of a gourd, who was singing a popular song in his rude dialect, apparently to the great delight of the listeners.

It was the fashion at that time for the ladies to wear the hair very high, somewhat in the style of the Pompadour rolls of the present day, though a great deal higher. The fashion began in fact with rolls, over which the hair was combed back, but these were superseded by cushions, and artificial curled work, which was often sent out to the barber to be dressed, like a wig, while the fair owner remained at home. The gentlemen of that time, like the gentlemen of this and all times, were much given to satirizing these extravagances of the more beautiful sex, and with just as much effect as at the present day; and some wit had composed the song which the negro was singing, and which, in good English, would read somewhat as follows:—

"Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.

"Let her flags fly behind for a yard at the least,
Let her curls meet just under her chin,
Let these curls be supported, to keep up the jest,
With an hundred, instead of one pin.

"Let her gown be tucked up to the hip on each side,
Shoes too high for to walk or to jump,
And to deck the sweet creature complete for a bride,
Let the cork-cutter make her a hump.

"Thus finished in taste, while on Chloe you gaze,
You may take the dear charmer for life;
But never undress her—for, out of her stays,
You'll find you have lost half your wife!"*

As our party rode by, the gentlemen half-halted to listen, but Helen exclaimed impatiently, "It is only that odious song again. I wonder that any gentleman could write it, or that any gentleman can listen to it."

"What was that you were saying about amiability, a little while ago?" asked Pemberton demurely.

"Amiability is one thing, and stupidity is another thing," said Helen.

"I quite agree with you as to that," replied Pemberton, smiling. "But what do you think of the sign on the tavern there," pointing to a representation of a man carrying his wife on his back.

"What does that mean?" inquired Isabella.

"Read the legend beneath," said Pemberton—"'*The man loaded with mischief.*'"

"It should read, '*The man in his proper place, as a beast of burden,*'" commented Helen sarcastically. "For my part I think that all men are good for, is to provide money and amusement for women. Don't you think so, Mr. André?"

"Yes, if you will allow me to add a sentence—and all that women are good for, is to provide homes and love for men."

"I agree with you fully," said Isabella over her shoulder—she and Pemberton were in advance.

"Oh, well, what is the use of quarrelling?" cried Helen. "I hate quarrelling, and like to have my own way. If that is not being thoroughly amiable, I don't know what is."

"There are the barracks," said Pemberton. There are not as many lounging in front as usual, to-day. And I do not see the Hessians at their encampment either."

"Ah, that is where the officers have gone—with the soldiers," commented Helen. "I hope they will all get safely back again. I don't admire battles so much, since I saw those poor fellows huddled into the earth at Germantown."

Ah, Helen is half a rebel now," said Pemberton; "that young Lieutenant has done what I could never do, convince her that the rebels have some little good left in them."

"That is not surprising," replied Helen. "Mr. Morris is a gentleman and a scholar. I do not think I have seen so handsome a man, since—since, when shall I say, Bel?"

"Let me see. Since—since you had that flirtation with General Knyphausen at Mr. Bingham's."

"General Knyphausen indeed! I don't fancy gentlemen who spread their butter on their bread with their thumb nails. Besides, I never flirt. Did you ever see me flirt, Mr. Pemberton?"

"I never saw you do anything else," replied Pemberton, laughing.

"Arthur Pemberton!" exclaimed Helen, her face coloring to the temples.

"I think that is hardly fair, Arthur," said Isabella, gravely.

"I own up—beg forgiveness—plead guilty," replied Pemberton. "Indeed, Helen, I only said it because it came in so well. In fact, it seemed of said itself. I know very well you do not flirt—not even with Major Tarleton."

"I detest Major Tarleton!" exclaimed Helen; "and you know it."

"Hush! hush!" said Isabella. "You know the old saying, 'Speak of Satan, and he will appear!'"

They were approaching, by this time, one of the British redoubts, which commanded the road. A number of dragoons were scattered around, while a rather short but somewhat heavily-built officer, with a swarthy complexion, was seated on his horse, and conversing with the commander of the outpost.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," cried he, as they rode up; "you are bound for a ride, I see."

After due salutations, Tarleton continued, "Why, André, where are your regimentals? Are you not a little afraid to venture beyond our lines without them?"

"I am a good deal more afraid to venture as far as we are going, with them," replied André, smiling. "Some of the colonists, you know, grow rabid at the sight of a redcoat; and they might make it dangerous, not only for me, but for my company. I was a little puzzled, too, what color to substitute. Pemberton here can wear blue, but I don't like it. Green is the Refugee, and also the French color. Brown is rather dull. And so I have chosen gray, as you see, which suits admirably in one respect, as I am in Grey's corps!"

"I hope, then, you either have a pass, or else will not meet any of Lee's or McLane's light-horse, for they are the rabidest kind of rebels."

"Oh, we are all right in that respect, Major," said Pemberton. "Would you like to see the rebel pass?"

"I never object to seeing anything," replied Tarleton; "it may prove useful some day"—turning his small and piercing black eyes upon the paper. "That is a curiosity in the way of a pass." He reads it aloud:

"Allow Miss Helen Graham, and not more than twelve of her friends, either in or out of military costume, to pass our patrols to the Wissahiccon, in the neighborhood of Cresheim creek.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON,
"Commander-in-Chief."

"That is the first time I ever saw the old surveyor's signature," continued Tarleton. "Would not some of their other Generals have done as well? Miss Helen, you seem to be a person of influence at the rebel head-quarters."

"Miss Helen generally is, wherever she is known," replied André.

"But it puzzles me how she can be known there," continued Tarleton, as if nothing ought to puzzle him.

"I think you will have to stay puzzled a little while, Major," said Helen, rather coldly.

* The reader will note how curiously the fashions, including high hair, high heels, bustles, panlers, and hoops, have all come round again in the course of about a century.

BRITISH BARRACKS.

From Watson's Annals.

Reaching from Second to Third, and from Tammany (now Buttonwood) to Green. The large building, afterwards Northern Liberty Town Hall, being the officers' quarters. The Barracks were built of brick, and would accommodate 3000 men. They were erected after Braddock's defeat. The above view is looking from Second street.

"There is something for you to exercise your vaunted penetration upon. I thought you always knew pretty much everything."

"I think I shall be able when I see you next to tell you all about it," replied Tarleton, a little nettled. "Of course if I learn that Washington once happened to see you with his field glass, at twenty miles' distance, I shall understand it all. Valor always is the devoted servant of beauty."

"Come, gentlemen—if we stop to listen to Major Tarleton's flow of compliments, we shall never get to our journey's end. We all know the Major is famous as a lady-killer," rejoined Helen, giving her horse the whip.

"If you meet any of McLane's men near Germantown, tell them I am coming up that way in an hour or so," cried Tarleton, as they rode on.

"We shall do nothing of the kind," replied Isabella.

"Now for a sharp trot—or shall it be a fast canter?" cried Helen.

"Can these pacers trot?" asked Andre of Pemberton.

"I see you have had to come to the pacers," laughed Isabella.

"Yes, indeed," replied Andre. "It is too much like torment to ride an English trotter at his slowest trot, in company with one of your American pacers. Besides, I admit there is no gait so favorable for conversation as the pace, when you wish to get along a little faster than a walk."

"A perfectly gaited horse, according to our Philadelphia ideas," said Pemberton, "should be a fast walker, a gentle pacer, a square, honest trotter, and easy at the canter and the run. Now here is Selim, who is perfect." He patted the neck of the beautiful chestnut he bestrode—gentle and quiet as a lamb, but, at the touch of the whip or spur, full of fire and spirit.

"Is that the horse that is fond of liquor?" inquired André."

"That is hardly a fair statement. He will turn off his single cup of beer or spirits with anybody—but if you hand him a second cup, he will let it fall, and place one of his forefeet upon it. He is quite a temperance horse, you see."

"Let us be off—let us have a canter," cried Isabella.

The road was good, the weather bracing in the early morning, and with Helen and André in the advance, the miles flew by in the ecstacy of rapid motion. When they pulled up, they were at the top of a long hill, and entering Germantown.

"Was not that glorious?" exclaimed Helen, wiping her heated face.

"I call that the poetry of motion,—even more than dancing," replied André. "A good horse, a fine day, and a beautiful lady—what more does a man need to be perfectly happy?"

"Did you see, Helen, how ruined all the country-seats looked, as you rode along?" questioned Isabella, riding up with her companion. "Is it not shameful—fruit-trees cut down, fences and gates demolished, the beautiful grounds destroyed, and many of the houses themselves with their shutters torn off, and doors broken in. "Captain André, why do you allow such things?"

"It is difficult to prevent them, Miss Graham. Our generals and their officers do what they can; but war is destruction, not peace, you know."

"And the rebels have brought it all upon themselves, added Helen.

"A truce," cried Pemberton. "You know that Captain André and myself never talk upon these questions, except upon grave, set occasions. To-day we have come out for a good time—and intending to have a little oasis of Peace in the very midst of this cruel desert of war."

André's face beamed upon Pemberton. "Pemberton and I have agreed to disagree upon this question," he said. "We know we are both thoroughly honest and sincere in our convictions of duty. I count it among my sorrows, that I cannot convince him that loyalty is the truest policy for the colonies. But we can and do both of us agree in this—to do all that lies in our power to mitigate the bitterness and cruelty and horror of the war."

"What was that story Ferguson was telling you the other day?"

"Only that he could have shot Washington with his rifle, at the recent battle."

"Why did he not do it, then?" said Isabella. "That sounds like boasting."

"Ferguson is not a boaster," replied André; "he is the best shot in the army, if not in the world. He says that he did not know it was Washington;—and either this, or because he dislikes the practice of singling out officers, or something else, he cannot now explain or understand what, kept him from doing it."

"I know," said Isabella. "It was the same reason that prevented that Indian chief from shooting him, when Braddock was defeated at Fort Duquesne."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Helen. "Bella, I declare you are fast growing to be as bad a rebel as Pemberton. As if the Almighty, who has commanded us to obey the king and those in authority, would shield the bosom of a rebel."

Pemberton made haste to speak. "What of those breech-loaders that Ferguson has had his riflemen armed with? Do they work?"

"He says so," replied André. He says his men can fire six shots in a minute. Some of the officers think that in a few years 'Brown Bess' will be thrown aside, and the whole army armed with these breech-loading rifles."

"Doubtful," said Pemberton, "you have too many martinets in the service for that."

Stopping for a moment, but not dismounting, at Seth Williams's door, and passing some kind words with the worthy dame—Seth himself not being at home—they cantered on, past Chew's house, in its blackened desolation, and up to Mount Airy, where the recent battle had begun.

"I guess we shall see somebody soon," said Pemberton slyly to Helen. "I have seen the hoof-prints of McLane's cavalry for the last mile or two."

"I'll bet you a sovereign you cannot tell the hoof-prints of one horse from another, to save your life. Can he, Captain?"

"I expect he can. A troop of horse leaves a number of prints together, and the English horses' hoofs are larger than the American. And as each company is apt to have its own shoer, and it is sometimes an object to make the shoe so that its print can be distinguished, you can easily see that Pemberton may be right. But here is Allen's lane—"

He was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a young American officer, who with half-a-dozen troopers emerged at this moment from the lane. A glance showed that it was Lieutenant Morris, still rather pale, and with his left arm in a sling, but seeming not much the worse for his recent wound.

"Good morning, ladies. Good morning, Cousin Arthur. Good morning, Captain. I am eternally indebted to you and to Miss Helen. You got the pass all safely, I see."

"Yes, and here is the precious document," replied Helen. "I take it as quite a compliment."

"I thought I would meet you, and ride up with you as far as Mr. Livezey's, if you have no objections," said the Lieutenant.

"Indeed we shall all be very happy to have your company," replied Helen, while the rest gladly assented. "Come around, and ride on my right, Mr. Morris."

Giving a brief order to his men to await his coming, he spurred to the side of Helen, and they rode on.

"It is just the time to see the Wissahiccon in its robes of glory, Miss Helen," said he, as they pulled up after a gay canter. "Have you ever been to Cresheim creek?"

"No, but I have been down near the Schuylkill."

"Stop," cried Isabella; "is not this view beautiful?"

Through a gap in the trees they looked down on the valley of the Wissahiccon. It was Indian Summer, and a bluish haze was spread like a softening veil over the whole landscape. The trees were still full of foliage—though here and there the bright and glowing crimsons had deepened into rich browns. All was singularly quiet, as with the weird quiet of a dream—save, at intervals, was heard the accordant sound of a distant flail on some barn threshing floor.

"See one such sight as this, and die!" enthusiastically exclaimed Isabella.

"I have a friend," said André, "he is in Lord Howe's fleet, who always hopes to die far out at sea. He is ever quoting,—

"'And Death, whenever it comes to me,
In calm or storm, may I sink to rest,
Rocked by the waves of the great, strong sea,
And cradled far aye in his breast.'

"But, for me, when *I* die, I should like to have my last gaze rest on such dreamy skies, such a crimson and brown and purple earth as this."

"You make me melancholy, with all this talk about dying," broke in Helen. "Now, I say that, when I get married—"

But a general laugh spoilt Helen's speech.

"When you get married, I should like to be there as groom—'s man," said Pemberton.

"Please put your words a little closer together, Mr. Pemberton," returned Helen, with an air of mock dignity.

Soon they were descending a rough, rocky road into the valley of the Wissahiccon, Lieutenant Morris manifesting great concern lest Helen's horse should stumble, while André smiled, and riding in advance in the narrow road, left the whole care of the young lady to her new escort.

"This is like the primeval forest," cried Helen, gazing with admiring awe into the giant woods of oak and chestnut and walnut and hickory and hemlock. "We might think ourselves out in the savage wilderness here."

"Yes, a hundred miles at least from any crowded city," echoed Isabella, enthusiastically.

"How soon do we come to your Cousin Livezey's, Mr. Morris?" asked Helen.

"There, look below you, over that piece of cleared land—do you see that chimney?"

"You surely are not going to take us down the chimney, in Santa Claus' fashion?"

Lieutenant Morris laughed, and soon a turn in the road brought them down a steep hill to the front of the house. It was, as usual in this section, of stone, two storied, and double fronted; and with the customary covered porch, with its two short side benches, before the main door. A wall ran before the house, inclosing a little garden, and in the wall was an aperture, left for the convenience of riders, to aid them in mounting and dismounting. At the distance of about a hundred feet from the side of the dwelling, ran the Wissahiccon, which here dashed and foamed over a dam, erected for milling purposes. And in front of the house stood the mill itself, with its first story on the level of the house, and its third on that of the hill-side—obviating the necessity of hoisting up the grain which was to be ground.

Dismounting and entering the house, Morris and Pemberton, who both claimed consinship with the owner, introduced the party to Mr. Livezey and his wife. They also were "Friends"—or "Quakers," as the "world's people" irreverently call them—and of the usual hospitable and kindly Quaker type. The room into which the visitors were shown was simply furnished, but the thick walls below each window were fashioned into seats, and covered with cushions; and in a corner of the room was a large East India lounge, made of cane, also cushioned, which pulled out creaking to afford a full-length repose. Helen threw herself upon this immediately, for it was a new piece of furniture to her, and had a thought of Asian skies about it.

In a few moments a lunch was brought in by their kind hostess, and after doing this justice, Pemberton proposed they should start for a boat-ride and a ramble. As they emerged into the yard again, about a dozen colonial riflemen in their green and fringed hunting-shirts were lounging on the grass.

"Why, Morris, is there any danger?" inquired Pemberton.

"No—your pass will protect you from any of our scouting parties, but these riflemen of Morgan's have been detached to scour the woods between Chestnut Hill and the Schuylkill, in order to arrest some British deserters who are reported to be giving the farmers considerable trouble. Some think they are spies"—with a smile towards André—"but the more reasonable opinion is that they are deserters. Spies or deserters, however, they are uncommonly fond of butter and milk and poultry, and occasionally even a cow or ox disappears, which, considering the condition of our own commissariat, is a thing not to be tolerated."

"Has Cousin Thomas been troubled?" inquired Pemberton.

"Not before a night or two ago, when they broke into his mill, and carried off some bags of flour.

"I do not suppose the fellows are at all dangerous," continued the Lieutenant; "but as these rangers were about, I thought I might as well introduce you to them, and let them sweep through the woods in advance of you, as they go down."

"It was very kind of you, indeed," replied André. "Our pistols are in our holsters, had we not better take them with us?"

"I think there can be no need of that," said Isabella. "What horrible times these are, when we cannot take a little stroll without some dreadful weapon or other, putting you in fear of your life, lest it should go off, all the time."

"Of course, Miss Graham," said André, "we will not take them, if you object; besides, after what Mr. Morris has said, and following, as we shall, right in the track of these brave fellows, I see no necessity for doing so. Do you, Pemberton?"

"I am for risking that much to save Miss Graham from annoyance."

"Do you not, then, go along with us, Mr. Morris?" queried Helen.

"I regret very much that I cannot," replied he; "but I must rejoin my men." The "regret" and "must" being, in truth, mainly based upon the fact that Helen had a cavalier engaged already. He had hoped fervently—though, as he knew, rather foolishly—that it would be otherwise.

"I am very sorry, indeed," rejoined Helen. "Now, suppose I should be in danger," continued she, with a little touch of that coquetry which seemed a part of her very make and nature, "you would not be near to afford me any assistance. You know you are one of my knights."

Helen blamed herself at once, when the young officer replied, in a tone whose affected pleasantry could not conceal its undertone of deep feeling, "Miss Helen, if I thought you were liable to the least shadow of danger, I would be the last to leave you."

"Well," said Helen, jestingly, "if danger appears, I shall blow this horn of mine with as loud and shrill a blast as that of Roland at Roncesvalles, and perhaps you will hear it all the way to Germantown." Saying this, she blew her hunting-whistle till Isabella clapped her hands over her ears, and the rough riflemen laughed heartily.

"Not one of us, Miss Helen," cried André, throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, "but will rush to your rescue when we hear the blast of that wondrous horn, as Charlemagne and his Paladins rushed—or should have rushed—to the rescue of the peerless Roland."

"But with rather better success, I hope," replied Helen, laughing.

Morris then remounted his horse, and, making him curvet a little—as is the manner of young gentlemen—cantered lightly up the slope, until a turn of the road concealed him from view. The riflemen, with a sergeant at their head, moved off Indian-file around to the back of the house, and up a wooded hill which rose immediately behind it, extending their line to sweep the forest. While the party in whom we are more immediately interested, turned, under Pemberton's guidance, to the water-side of the house, and passing through a neatly-kept flower-garden, prettily terraced, descended a flight of steps to a spot just above the dam, where a little skiff was moored.

Carefully seating themselves in the boat, Pemberton took the oars, and rowed gently up the pellucid stream. It was now about noon, and the sun shone down upon them with a soft but not unpleasant splendor. On each side the high, dark, wooded hills were draped with the magnificent hues of the Autumn season—amphitheatres of green and crimson and brown and gold. And reflected in the still, glassy water, was all this pomp of variegated glory.

"This is magnificent!" exclaimed André enthusiastically. "The old world has nothing to show like this. It is the gorgeous splendor of an Indian princess."

"It is Fairy land!" cried Helen, enthusiastically.

"See that cedar!" said Isabella, "with its deep green lighted up by a single spot of blazing crimson."

"And the woods are full of purple grapes," exclaimed Helen. "Are they good to eat, Pemberton?"

"Try them," said Pemberton, bringing the boat near one of the banks. "Daughter of Eve, pluck and eat."

"Pshaw—those small ones are sour and full of seed."

"Those are Chicken grapes. The others are better, the Fox grapes."

"Yes, they will do tolerably well—they are sweet."

"One moment, Pemberton," cried André, extending his hand to grasp a pretty blue flower that grew along the margin. "What do you call this, ladies?"

"It is the Fringed Gentian," said Isabella.

"I don't know what it signifies, Miss Helen—I may be doing something very serious or shocking, indeed—but will you accept this Blue Gentian from one of the very humblest of your devoted admirers?"

"Captain André, I do wish you would leave all that style of speeches at the theatre down South street," replied Helen, drawing back the hand she had involuntarily extended.

"I beg pardon, Miss Helen. Will you accept this flower in token of forgiveness, and as a pledge of my earnest friendship?"

"I am most happy to do so," replied Helen, mollified.

"What a delightful, tart, sweet, spirited, and fascinating woman she is," thought André, as he leaned over the side of the boat, and dallied with the cool, clear water.

"Leap out, André, with the chain, and hold the boat," cried Pemberton, bringing the skiff up by the side of a rock, and at the entrance of a little cove. "This is Cresheim creek."

Fastening the boat, they made their way along the sloping, rugged side of a shallow and rocky stream, that emptied at that place into the Wissahiccon. Soon they came to where it poured over and between huge rocks and boulders into a little pool.

"Now for a climb, girls," said Pemberton. "André, you take care of Miss Helen."

"Miss me no miss, among these rocks, Arthur. It is out of place," cried Helen. "Here I am simply Helen Graham. These old rocks do not like such courtly titles. This huge one is my father."

"Let me help you up on your father's shoulders, then," laughed André in response to the ardent girl. Without much help from the gentlemen, for both were supple-limbed and sure-footed, the ladies made their way to the top of a huge moss-covered rock, and gazed down the cleft where the stream was pouring.

"That is the Devil's pool," said Pemberton, pointing to the still water below. "The fall is rather quiet now, but after a rain it is quite a roaring cascade, I assure you."

"Is the pool deep?" asked Helen.

"The devil is said to be very deep," replied André; "and of course his pool must be, or else it would not hold him."

"Ah, you have caught it—you have caught it at last," cried Pemberton, shaking his head mournfully.

"Caught what?"

"The vile habit of punning. It is said to be in the Philadelphia atmosphere. I believe that even Washington would pun were he to live here for six months."

"Oh, nonsense," said Helen—"how deep is it?"

"I will give you two authorities, and you may take your choice. I know, of course, which you will prefer. When Morris and I were boys, he one day, as he says, took a line, and attaching a weight to it, lowered it down, and down, into the pool; but he could find no bottom. Not long after, I thought I would try; and I took a long fishing pole, and pushed it down, and down, until I could push it no farther; and thus very easily found the bottom."

"Of course I accept Mr. Morris's statement as the most reasonable and reliable," replied Helen. "And I think your father, Pemberton, ought to have taken that same long fishing pole, and broken it into very little pieces over your naughty back. You are by far too sceptical, Arthur. I hate scepticism. It is that which makes men rebels."

"Hush! hush! hush!" cried André, "you know that subject is tabooed."

"Well," said Pemberton, "it may be that there is a cleft somewhere between the rocks, which will let a stone down a good ways. I thought myself that there was a hidden passage somewhere below, letting the water flow underground into the creek."

"Ah, now you begin to talk a little more sensibly," said Helen. "You could not persuade me that there is not something mysterious and uncanny about this pool—why the whole place bears witness to it."

"If you ladies are sufficiently satisfied," said Pemberton, "suppose we stroll up the Wissahiccon for half a mile or so—though we shall have to return again of course this way. Come, Bella."

"Wait one moment more," said Helen to André, as their companions left them, "I can hardly tear myself away from this romantic spot."

"Allow me to assist your beautiful self down this rugged descent, Miss Helen," said André, in the courtly phrase he was rather too fond of, as she rose from the rock on which she had been sitting, a few minutes afterwards.

"John André," exclaimed Helen, pausing and facing him, "I would beg of you to forget for a while the theatre, and the formal language of polite society, and so long as we are in the presence of these old gray Quaker rocks and these solemn pines, to be simply a sincere and earnest man."

André's brown face colored to the forehead.

"I thought that with you, Helen, I always had been both sincere and earnest."

Helen made no reply—but accepted his assistance in making her way over and around the precipitous rocks and boulders. That she was not very greatly displeased, he could easily infer—though there was nothing of the coxcomb in his nature—by the freedom with which she allowed her hand to remain in his grasp, and the readiness with which she placed it upon his shoulder when necessary.

"Ah me, I am tired—let us rest a moment," said she, when they had reached the Wissahiccon again, after a short but rugged tramp, and gone up the stream a little way further. "Here is a mossy seat, made on purpose."

It was a low ledge of stone, moss-covered, at the base of a little cliff which rose behind it in a wall of rock some ten or fifteen feet high.

"You have made no reply yet, Helen, to that last remark of mine. When was I other than earnest and truthful with you? You know that of all the women in the world, I think of no one more highly than of you."

"Are you sincere and truthful now? I was told by a friend of yours, only yesterday, that you always wore upon your breast the miniature of a young and beautiful woman. If so, you ought to think of her more highly than you think of me."

André had been standing before her. Now he sat down by her side.

"It is true, Helen, that I wear upon my breast the likeness of Honora Sneyd; but it is also true that there is no woman in the world I care for more than for you." The tones of the young officer, always soft and mellow, grew softer with that suppressed tenderness which women love.

"You give me a riddle," replied she, with studied coldness. "I am not good at guessing riddles. Do you no longer love this Miss Honora Sneyd? Then why wear her likeness?"

"Honora Sneyd is now Honora Edgeworth—has been so for years. Helen, I loved, or thought I loved her, passionately. She thought she loved me. But it seems she was mistaken; and when another came, and offered his hand, she accepted it. If I did not care for you greatly, would I thus lay bare my inmost heart before you?"

André started from his seat and for a few moments paced up and down the leaf-covered ground before her. Then he resumed—

"I could not give her up, married though she was. When I was taken prisoner two years ago at St. Johns, the only thing I saved from my capturers was her likeness—and saving that, I thought myself happy. Still my passion, thus denied and hopeless, must have been gradually wearing itself out. For the last month, I have scarcely thought a moment of Honora Sneyd—and yet, so powerful is the force of habit, I have continued to wear her image."

He resumed his seat by Helen's side; and then said, in a still lower tone, "Do you think that a noble-hearted woman could ever esteem a man's second love, as if it had been his first? Do you think it possible that I, who loved so devotedly then, can love another even more passionately and truly now?"

"I, for one woman, would rather have the second love, which is the man's, than the first love, which was the boy's"—and Helen paused, and seemed listening. "I thought I heard Pemberton and Isabella returning."

"It was nothing but a squirrel dropping his nut," said André.

"I thought it sounded like a footstep," rejoined Helen. "Had we not better go on, and see what has become of them?"

"In one moment," replied André. The woman was already satisfied, for the time; the man, man-like, would have his conclusions made doubly sure, and leave no room for doubt. "Helen," continued he in a low but impassioned tone, "I love you better than ever I loved Honora Sneyd."

"Dear John, I have loved you since that first hour two years ago," whispered Helen looking up into his brown eyes with a look that he had never seen in that spirited face before.

He put his arm around her for the first time—he pressed his glowing cheek to hers. She submitted for a moment—then she widened the distance between them.

"Was Honora Sneyd so very pretty then?" she said.

He took a small miniature from his bosom. "See, she also has blue eyes and golden hair."

"My hair is not golden."

"It is golden, in the sun. I like your hair the best. It is the richer looking."

"She is very beautiful," said Helen;—but there was a proud satisfaction in the tone. It was as if she had said, what she really would have scorned herself for even consciously thinking, much less saying—"but I am more beautiful."

"And she is now Mrs. Edgeworth?" continued she.

"Yes, and the mother of two children, living what she so greatly loves, a quiet and happy domestic life. I think," continued André, his face flushing, "that that really was the bar fate set between us. She is not the least ambitious—she must have felt, even almost without perceiving it, that I am very different—caring not so much for peace and quiet, as for a proud and brilliant career. She never could have sympathized with me as you can, and will, Helen."

The eyes of the girl shone like two stars;

her cheeks flushed; her proud bosom heaved. "You are my king of men—you long for the station which is your natural right. And I am fit to be your queen."

"Now, Pemberton," continued André, "fine fellow as he is, has no ambition—scoffs at it. He would be satisfied, he says, with a quiet life among his books, at such a place as Woodland—or even in some little cottage on the Schuylkill."

"Isabella fully agrees with him in that," replied Helen. "Think of such a glorious woman as Bella, such a perfect queen, passing her whole life sequestered in some little cottage in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. I believe that both Pemberton and herself, when they marry, will abandon even our little provincial society, and play Darby and Joan in the most approved fashion."

"I think I see a career before me," continued André, proudly. "If I fail, it shall not be for want of effort and daring. I am simple Captain now. In one year I mean to be Major, in another Colonel—in another, perhaps, General. See how rapidly Churchill rose. I have given you my heart, Helen; when I give you my hand it shall have something in it."

"I am in no hurry," said the girl, with a lofty look in her eyes. "I am ready to wait for you, André—forever, if need be! And I know I can often assist you in mounting the steps of fortune and fame. I would scorn to be an incumbrance to you. Trust me entirely and utterly with all your plans and schemes—let me be one with you in heart and life. You shall never have cause to blush at any weakness or indiscretion of mine."

"I shall trust you—entirely! utterly! And when I have won my coveted honors, we shall have the happiness of knowing that we have planned and toiled for each other."

But we must leave these young lovers together for a while, rapt in their blissful and triumphant dreams of a glorious future, and give a fragment of another conversation, taking place at the same time, not a quarter of a mile off.

These, sitting on this fallen trunk, within the solemn shade of this dark grove of hemlocks,—sitting so closely, and toying with each other's hands and hair, and gazing proudly and fondly into each other's eyes—have evidently been acknowledged lovers for some time—to themselves, if not to the world. Pemberton is speaking.

"I am not, as you know, Bella, in the least, ambitious—and I dislike and abhor the soldier's bloody trade; but I confess I can hardly endure to remain quietly at home, when the great cause is in such peril."

"I really think it would break your mother's heart, Arthur, if you should join the army. To go out to war would be a sad blow of itself; but to join those whom she considers rebels, would be something unendurable to her."

"That is what I have said to myself all along," replied he. "But it looks as if I were a coward, to stay at home for any reason whatever."

"But you know, yourself, that it is not cowardice. Why regard then what others may think or say? Besides, are you not really affording more valuable aid to the Colonial cause, than you could give in any other manner?"

"They all say so. Washington himself says I must not leave the city. But I hate this kind of service."

"You do not deceive any body. You pry into no person's confidence. You let every one know that you are not thoroughly loyal. You merely avail yourself of outside means of obtaining information," said Isabella in a low voice, and glancing around her, as if remembering the old adage that "trees have ears."

"I know it," replied he, in the same low, cautious tone. "I would not do it in any other way. But if I am discovered, notwithstanding, my name will suffer reproach, and I may suffer the fate of a spy."

"A spy—what, you, in your own city—your own house?"—and Bella whispered the dangerous words.

"Military men are not much given to nice legal distinctions, Bella. You see I am not acting in the dark. I know my position and its dangers. And I have taken this opportunity to let you know them, thinking it your right. Besides, I have been myself a little puzzled; and I have great confidence in your sound judgment and noble instincts, my sweet love."

"I never dreamed of this terrible view of your conduct. I shall never see that flag waving again, without a flutter at my heart," said Isabella huskily.

Pemberton was too much occupied with his own thoughts, to note how seriously his fair companion was affected. Else perhaps he would not have continued.

"What shall I do, Bella? Shall I go on with this dangerous business, or shall I give it up?"

The color fled from her face, and left it like marble. She put out her hands before her, as if pressing away from her some hideous thing. She tried to speak, but the words gurgled in her throat. Suddenly she threw her arms around his neck, and burst into uncontrollable tears.

"Forgive me, Bella! I thought not it would so move you. You are usually so calm and self-possessed, you know. Cheer up, my sweet, there is no danger yet—and probably will be none."

"You asked me a question, Arthur," said Bella, regaining her composure with a strong effort. "It came upon me so suddenly, you see, that it unwomaned me a little." She paused a moment, and twined the beautiful bright hair she admired so much around her fingers. "You have taught me—a British soldier's daughter—to love the cause of the Colonies as I love you, to revere it as a religion, to hesitate at nothing lawful that will hasten its triumph. I would give my own life this day, if I could ensure its success—but I am a woman, and do not ask me to decide that you shall thus peril yours. Decide for yourself, and I will submit to your decision, as a woman should—and then leave the event to the good God.

"Did you hear André questioning old Foxey this morning?" continued she, after a pause.

"It meant nothing, and Foxey is well named—that old negro, stupid as he looks and talks, is wider awake than most white men."

"There is only one man that I am really afraid of," continued Isabella. "It is that Tarleton, with those small, snaky eyes of his. Promise me one thing, Arthur."

"What is it?"

"If Tarleton ever begins to question and suspect, that you will escape at once."

"Thank you for the hint, Bella. I will, you may depend upon it, if I have the chance. But with Tarleton it generally is 'a word and a blow, and the blow first.'"

"Where can Helen and André be? I thought they would have overtaken us by this time," said Isabella, rising to her feet.

"I imagine that Helen and André are having a very pleasant time by themselves," replied Pemberton, smiling. "André is terribly smitten, or I never had the complaint."

"Helen ditto," said her sister, smiling.

"Well, they are a splendid couple—but what then is to become of my poor cousin, Morris? He is over head and hair in love also with Helen, ever since she saved his life, as he is pleased to term it."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Isabella. "It cannot be helped though; for Helen is terribly loyal, and besides, thinks André a chevalier Bayard and an admirable Crichton both in one."

"I do not wonder at it. I love John André, loyal as he is, more than I ever expected to love mortal man. He is a noble fellow—true to the core. He has only one fault—he is too ambitious. 'By that sin fell the angels.'"

During this latter conversation they had been retracing their steps, and soon came upon Helen and André, who were seated about three feet apart, and appeared to be carrying on a brisk conversation, in a light tone of badinage.

"We were just wondering if you *never* were coming back," cried Helen, as she saw them—though the crimson of her cheeks was richer and more widely spread than usual, as her sister saw at a glance.

But she was a good and discreet sister, and knew when to talk, and when to be silent. So she simply said that she thought it was about time they were returning home, and passed on with Pemberton, while Helen and André demurely followed.

"It is not late, let us climb up that rock above the pool once more," cried Helen.

The others assenting, they were soon grouped again on the top of the huge oblong rock or boulder overlooking the Devil's pool.

Suddenly a heavy stone fell splashing into the stream above them, and the whole party almost involuntarily turned their heads, to see where the stone had come from.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OAKLANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER IV.

There were frequent visits and visitors during the holidays; but the keen edge of enjoyment seemed blunted with me: and if I smiled as often, it was more conventional than ever before. I had several rides on horseback with Mr. Melton, and popular rumor began to associate our names together more frequently than was altogether pleasing. But the time had not come when I could check the advances of one in every way so entitled to my respect, with propriety.

"I *am so* mad with Cousin Gerald!" said Mrs. Moreland, when I went over a few days after the party. "He is past redemption, I believe."

"So you see I shall have to charge you with a broken heart," I said, anxious to hear if he had expressed any opinion about me; "for his own died, I am sure, with the love he had given that odious Lena Marston."

"I think you must be right," she said seriously. "And yet, do you remember how coolly he spoke of the resemblance, or, as he asserted, the dissimilarity between you! He said you were a beautiful woman, when I asked him his opinion of you. But on my hinting that he had better try if you had not more truth than Lena, he declared that he was resolved never to marry."

"Oh! Mrs. Moreland!" I exclaimed in alarm. "You did not speak of me to him, in reality, I hope! What will he think?"

"I did not tell him that I had ever spoken of *him* to *you*, my dear," she returned, with a half saddened smile. "But remember Gerald and I are near relatives, besides old friends, and I could, when alone with him, call his attention, in jest or in earnest, as he might take it, to a pretty young lady without any offence to her. Were you disappointed in him?"

"Yes, and no," I replied irresolutely, striving to give expression to my thoughts. "He is less sad, but handsomer and younger than I had expected, although he declared himself almost half a century old."

"That was one of his whims," she replied. "I know his exact age. He will be forty his next birthday. Fannie had told you, I believe, that he was several years older."

I walked home slowly with my eyes fixed upon the sombre walls of Oaklands.

"I wonder if he has thought of me since we walked here together?" I mused. "And so he is determined never to marry. Has he not chosen the wiser part? But, pshaw! when I have been poor Jack's wife for a few years, I will be sorry for this. Only there is ever something of interest to the fancy in what we cannot fathom. I look in Jack's heart, and like any other shallow or clear stream, I see only my image reflected there. I wish *he* had loved some one else years ago, and were a little, ah yes, a good deal older than he is!" And I hurried home. Richard fancied me looking sad.

"Tired of the country, May?" he said. "Well, it may be wise for you to receive your annual presents from our rich relations in town, and your usual 'New Year' calls from your friends. I'll take you and Lou in to-morrow, and let you spend a day or two. A little chat with Mr. Dormer might cheer you."

Was it the open door? I shivered, and turned to shut it. Lou was anxious for the change, and I had nothing to say.

"Shall I let anybody know you are here this evening?" asked Dick, as we stepped into the porch of my city home.

"No, Richard, if you please, no," I said eagerly. "Jack will call then, in any event, on Aunt Grace, and I shall surprise him. But I do want to spend to-night only with the home people." I suppose it was the idea of Jack paying his devoirs to prim Aunt Grace that caused Richard to arch his eyebrows so perceptibly, as he turned to look after the horses; but he said nothing, and we went in. There were no visitors to the old people that night; and as our coming was not known, I retired to my room at an early hour. It was bright and cheerful, with its heavy crimson curtains and glowing fire, and I sank into an easy chair by the hearth, and began to wonder if I should ever feel genuinely at home here again. Was I so shallow of feeling that I could be weaned from the associations of a lifetime in a few weeks? There were billows upon the surface of the great, unfathomed depths of my soul at the thought. Then I fell to dreaming of the Morelands, and of "Oaklands." And all at once I remembered, for the first time since I had seen him, the anonymous letter I had written. I wondered if he had taken the trouble to read it; and, if so, what his cool, unimpassioned nature had thought of such a rhapsody. How much would I not give to see some of his genuine, solemn thoughts, as they came to him in his own home at Oaklands, expressed on paper! To me, he had talked as to a child, or a fool, or a woman, which were one and the same thing in his estimation! I would write to him again, more carefully than before. I disguised my identity, by pretending that I had so often listened to his voice in conversation with me or others, when he was totally unconscious of the feelings I entertained for him, that I had learned to feel an interest in his welfare only second to my own; and begged him, unselfishly, to abandon the solitary life that he was leading. I assured him that I could have no personal motive in this, as I was on the eve of marriage myself with a young man whom I had long loved. But I had heard so much of his early life—of its disappointments and sorrows, and the heroic grandeur with which he had conquered them, that while I could not think of a nobler contrast than my own life and his: I, a still eager devotee at shrines of pleasure in the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, with its roar of active industry or of idle revel, where the modern Comus and Mammon hold their court, and thousands perhaps sacrifice ease, independence, and even virtue itself at their shrine, where *one* finds genuine happiness,—he, on the misty and lonely hill, far away from the city's din and dust, dwelling in a solitude great as Zimmerman's, with a philosophy far above love or hate—I still wished that solitude to be shared by some fond and true woman, for the simple, and it might be inexplicable reason, that a kindred soul, when once found, could hold communion with what was grandest in our own, until Love wrought an ecstasy which was as far above all philosophy as *content* is above active torture! The bells were striking one when I finished, and the fever of my thoughts, being abated by this outburst, I soon fell asleep.

When the morning came my letter was posted without any further consideration and I dressed to receive visitors. I was gratified at the general manifestation of pleasure at my return. I was surrounded by a party of gay merry-makers, when Jack Dormer entered, and I saw his handsome face light up with a look of supreme pleasure—I don't know whether it was physical pain from the ardent pressure with which he clasped my hand, or a dim consciousness of tender feelings in my nature which he had never awakened, but I winced as I drew back, and the unassumed cheerfulness of the hour was gone. I resisted every manœuvre by which he endeavored to draw me into the next room, and held my ground bravely until he had taken his departure. In the evening he came again, and my heart throbbed strangely, when I saw the last caller go out, and knew that we were alone.

"How unkind" said Jack, sitting down on the ottoman beside me, and clasping an arm about my waist, "how unkind not to let me know that you were here last night, when you knew I was dying to see you. Oh! May, my own, you cannot love me with half the intensity that I do you. See how I had thought of you!" and drawing out a small ivory casket, he touched the spring, and it flew open, as he placed it in my hands. It contained a lovely neck chain with my initials in diamonds, and a monogram of hearts on the opposite sides. I don't know what possessed me; but I clasped my hands to my face, and burst into tears. "Why what is there to cry over? I had hoped you would like it?" said the simple hearted fellow with the deepest concern. "I had rather throw it behind the fire this instant, than it should wring one tear from your lovely eyes, if they are shed in pain.

"Not in pain, Jack," I whispered. "Not in pain, but in gratitude for a love so much tenderer than I deserve." And resting my head upon his arm, I wept in silence for a moment, and we were reconciled when his hands clasped the lovely ornament about my neck to "see how they became each other" as he said.

"You have asked me ere this to be married in March, Jack, and I promise to-night that it shall be as you wish," I said, hiding my face, and he clasped me to his heart.

He sent many messages to Fannie on our return, though he said he had written to her by mail, thanking her for the "sweet little note" in which she had invited him to her party, and declaring that his father's illness, most distressing to him on any occasion, had been doubly so on that. He concluded with the assurance that he would call on her in person in a few weeks.

"I sincerely wish Cousin Gerald would take you out of the way," said Fannie, laughing. "By-the-by, May, he paid his party call a few days ago, and told us what a pretty little girl he thought you. He declared his intention of visiting you all in a few days." But there were many knocks at the door, and Mr. Melton and Binford and others came and went, and though I wandered out of evenings as usual, and looked over at the grim old house upon the hill, its frowning walls told me nothing of their inmate, and the days wore on as on they must, whether winged with joy, or laden with affliction. I had requested a lady friend of mine in town to ask for letters to a certain address, and if any came to enclose them to me. I had scarcely dared to hope he would respond at first, and I had almost abandoned the idea of such a possibility, when in a letter from the friend alluded to, I found one, with the address I had named. I opened it with eager hands and a throbbing heart, and the initials "G. G." assured me that my communications had at last been received and read. He told me of this in the first few lines of the steady, clearly legible hand, and my cheeks flushed at the statement that their perusal had afforded him a pleasure only second to his surprise. "But, fair sophist," he continued, "though your glowing and beautiful imagery may dazzle my fancy, it can scarcely alter my mature judgment. Even giving you credit for sincerity—a virtue which I have as yet only found in one or two of my own sex—*never* in yours—I must remind you that we are viewing life from almost diametrically opposite standpoints. I am in the evening of existence, where even the shadows of our aspirations run backward, as the darkness approaches: while you, fresh as the dewy morn, from your rosy dreams, look before, to the long, bright day. You argue from impulse—how beautiful while it lasts—and from hope: I from experience, and if not from despair, at least, from hopelessness—the *maximum bonum* of my aspirations. Yet, lovely enthusiast, your appeal has moved me, as I had hoped no word of woman would ever do again, though I am as an autumn reed, shaken by the wind—there can be no more spring-time for me. May it be long, if ever, ere you see life as I do. God grant that it may be as cheerfully borne when you do! You are starting on an untried pilgrimage. I I am the returned palmer. Have I not at least the assured advantage? You deplore my retired life. Do you reflect, that while there may be nothing to excite here, there is nothing to poison the quiet. You have around you the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation. I am the time-worn anchorite whose life passes as silent, and unobserved, as the slender rill that glides unheard and almost unseen from the slope just without. I go equally with you to the ocean, but I risk no storms. And yet you recommend matrimony to me—a 'country says the sage De Montaigne, 'which the natural inhabitants are always anxious to desert.' I may have been ambitious in my youth, I may have had dreams as you suppose, but you are wrong in the supposition that they haunt me still. Were I however persuaded of the wisdom of the step you direct, I might light my lamp, like the ancient cynic, who wandered about the world in search of an honest man; but the remainder of my existence would be too short, even with other lights than those I possess, to find the woman you describe."

"Willfully blind," I muttered as I pressed it to my lips. "And now I *must* put you ever more resolutely from my thoughts!" I dropped the letter into the fire, and watched it as it crumbled to ashes.

Three days later he spoke to me in the church at Oaklands, and I walked composedly by his side to our carriage.

"Have you attended any recent dancing parties, Miss Chester?" he asked.

"No," I returned carelessly. "I was quite satisfied with the last."

He looked at me half-searchingly for a moment, but made no comment, and spoke to Richard.

"Doctor, we have never had that game of chess yet, shall you be at home to-morrow evening?"

"Unless some of my neighbors grow alarmingly ill in the interim. In which case I promise to inflict my presence on you at Oaklands without delay. I shall expect you."

I was dressed the next evening with especial care, when the sound of buggy wheels caused me to look out, and I saw him, driven by a servant to the door. To some proposition of Richard's I heard him reply. "Let him return, doctor, I always prefer a walk after night." So I knew he designed remaining until after tea.

"Are you going in now?" asked Lou.

"By no means," I replied, hastily. "His visit is to Richard, I presume." And I sat down by the chamber fire, while she went in to speak to him. I was rather provoked as the time wore on, and the distant hum of voices came to my ear. "He might have the politeness to ask for me," I muttered.

But there I sat until Lou came in from the dining-room, where supper was already prepared. "I would go in, May, and speak to him," she said. "He isn't thinking about any of us women, or if he should, he may conclude that you are piqued."

I flushed up, half indignant even with her; but the next moment I was on my way to the parlor.

"Don't get up," I said, with my best bow and smile as I entered. "There is no conversation I could enjoy half so well as a good game of chess."

"Do Mr. Melton and Mr. Dormer like it as well?" asked Colonel Granger, rising nevertheless, and advancing to shake hands with me. "If a younger man were present you might tempt him to try the power of eloquence against these mock knights."

"Unless they should chance to agree with me, as you do," I replied.

"As I have proved that I do not, though it may be discourteous to contradict you," he returned. "An old song, sung by as sweet a voice as I ascertained you to possess at church yesterday, would be far pleasanter to me, but of that after a little. An unstudied conversation with an honest mortal is to me the supremest enjoyment."

And leading me to a seat near the fire, he fell into an anomalous discussion of Fannie, the Meltons, the neighborhood and city, and the popular items of interest in each. My resentment, diffidence, or whatever it had been, was forgotten before the charm of his voice, and the epigrammatic force of his commentaries upon people and things. I scarcely heard the bell for tea until he smilingly offered me his arm. When we returned he had started a discussion with Richard upon which I was uninformed, and I sat by an absorbed, silent listener. I soon saw that he had forgotten my very existence, in the warming excitement of his subject, nor did he turn towards me for more than an hour, while I watched with curious interest the lights that came and went in his expressive eyes. I was not hurt, only very, very sad when the subject was dismissed with a laugh; and he looked at me, at first with surprise, and then with an awakening courtesy.

"In the meantime, Miss Chester, I have not forgotten the music—a stipulated part of this evening's genuine enjoyment, let me lead you to the piano."

He placed piece after piece of music before me, and I sang them as he did so, in my least artificial manner. He paused a moment as he took up a new ballad, "Under the Daisies," and glanced at the words.

"This is new to me. Is it pretty?"

"To me it is peculiarly touching. Shall I try it?"

He placed it on the ledge before me. I ran over the prelude, and gave distinct utterance to the words—

> "I've just been learning the lesson of life,
> The sad, sad lesson of loving,
> And all its powers of pleasure or pain
> Been slowly and sadly proving.
>
> "And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
> With its thousand brilliant phases,
> Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid,
> A coffin under the daisies."

I paused after the first verse, and he bowed silently to me to go on. The remaining words seemed to point so directly to his own misfortunes that my voice faltered painfully in the closing verse, when the "coffin" is declared far better than a "*heart grown cold.*"

"Thank you," he said, in clear, distinct tones. "We will excuse you after that. It will be pleasant to have those notes linger in my memory. You play a great deal, I suppose?"

"I neglect it for my stronger passion, reading," I answered.

"It is wrong to do so, when you can confer such happiness as you have done this evening. What have you been reading recently?"

"I am afraid to tell an admirer of Coke or Blackstone," I replied with a laugh. "But my reading, never approaches anything so profound. My last admiration is a new novel, 'Anteros,'" and I pointed to the volume on the centre table.

"Ah! 'Disastrous Lover.' Is love ever anything else, I wonder! How does it read?" And he took it up and turned to the title page, where my name was written.

"Remarkably well," answered Richard. "Do you read novels?"

"Yes, when I know the author of old, or some friend on whose judgment I rely assures me I shall not be bored."

"Take that home with you, then. We have all finished it, and I should like to have your opinion."

He had put on his great coat, and acknowledging the favor, buttoned the book in a side pocket.

"One moment, colonel, if you please," I said, and I ran up stairs and returned with his gloves, which I had neglected to restore to him on the night I had worn them from Mrs. Moreland's party.

"Oh!" he laughed as I explained, "there would be some pleasure in receiving them at your hands if I had won them, after a reputedly time-honored custom; but they will not have lost their value from the fact of your having *worn* them."

When he had gone out, and Richard, locking the front door, had followed Lou to their chamber, I turned back into the parlor and sank down on my knees as if smitten by the hand of death. I knew then that I loved the man who had gone to his solitary home without a tender thought of me, with all the mad, idolatrous intensity of a single, deathless love. "Alone! alone! ever more as he is," I murmured; and I lay awake all that night shaping out my hard duty with a settled determination to follow it. I crept up to my room at a late hour, and prayed earnestly to heaven for sustaining strength. It seemed to me that I staggered under the weight of my secret burden for the next few days. "Oh! if Lou had never started such nonsense," I thought; and I choked with the effort to coin a smile at her jests and Fannie's.

"Who knows!" said they. "Stranger things have happened."

But I felt in my heart of hearts that nothing ever had or could happen half so strange to me in this world. A few days later, as I sat at the piano singing "Under the Daisies," Jack Dormer entered with a glowing, eager face, and came up to me with his arms outstretched.

"Oh! no, no, Jack," I cried, with a strange sort of terror. "Never again!" And bursting into tears, I escaped from his embrace. I was sorry for him when I saw the white look that came into his face as I began to speak. But did he need pity more than I? Anger, expostulation, entreaty, were all in vain. "I do not love you, Jack," I said, finally. "I have even discovered that I love another, and it would be a high crime to marry you thus. I should make your whole life miserable. Better that it should be so understood at once."

"And what is to recompense me for the consuming passion and torturing anxiety of years devoted to one so ungrateful?" he exclaimed hotly. "Do you know that I *could* take a most terrible revenge by boasting of the favors I have received?"

"I have suffered you—how wrongfully I now for the first time understand—to kiss me sometimes when I earnestly believed my heart your own," I exclaimed with kindling eyes. "But now I know indeed that a true woman ought never to allow her lips to be pressed by a lover until the law has bound him to her as a husband."

"The mention of such a thing, however, would put a little gall into the honey of Mr. Thomas Melton's cup," sneered Jack, bitterly.

"If Mr. Melton has any regard for me, and I were disposed to encourage him, I should never do so, until I had told him," I said, angrily. "Not, I assure you, however, through any fear of you. Jack Dormer might be guilty of many, quick, wicked, and passionately resentful acts, but a *mean* and maliciously revengeful one, *never*."

I had never regretted the step I was forced to take half so much as now, that I saw how my words had power to move him.

"Not towards you. Heaven knows, not towards you, oh, darling May!" he exclaimed, as he turned away his head to hide the tears that gushed from his eyes. "I have loved you too unselfishly for that!" And a sob choked his utterance.

"We part as friends, I trust Jack?" I said, at last.

"So far as justice to your pure nature is concerned. Yes, May," he said, in thick accents, "only do not let me see you; and above all with any other man, soon—I could not stand that."

"Never fear that for me," I said, bitterly. And as he arose, I held out to him the casket with the pretty chain he had given me on the New Year. "You must take this, Jack; of course I could not keep it. I only wish to retain your picture, for my album, to look at sometimes." And my own eyes were suffused again.

"Do you think I want the accursed toy?" he exclaimed, fiercely. "It would torture me, to remember how happy I was the night I gave it to you." He threw it, angrily, to the floor, and ground it with his boot—shattering the delicate ivory case. "So let it perish with the dreams it had engendered. My only wish now is, that my new horses may finish the work which the old ones began, and leave me dead upon the roadside between this and home. They shall want no help of mine."

He rushed from the room, and the next instant I heard the flying wheels, as they bore him furiously away. Heaven is my witness how truly I sympathized with him! If I had seen a little less of the world, I might have entertained some apprehensions for his safety, at a departure made ominous by such threats. But I had read human nature, and especially the masculine portion of it, too well, not to know that vows of unchanging fidelity, plighted, with heaving bosom and with tearful eye to-day, are by the morrow forgotten altogether, or remembered with a heartless jest! Yet I was sorry for Jack; for I believed that he had loved me more than passing well: and it grieved me deeply to have been the occasion of disappointment and distress to a nature usually so genial and happy as his. But I knew that the hardest of duties remained for me. To be forced to sit calmly, and to talk twaddle to the light and unthinking around me, when I was staggering under a burden of woes that threatened to crush me into the earth, was almost more than I could endure. But I remembered that from Cain's day, even unto ours, human beings have daily moaned "my punishment is greater than I can bear," and yet have lived on, and by degrees have learned the stereotyped smile with which the yearnings of the soul are hid. And thus I lived on from day to day, half shuddering at the darkness ahead, but gaining courage as I groped, until winter was flying before the footsteps of spring.

"Listen, Miss Chester," said Fannie Moreland, coming in one day, after a visit to town, "and be warned. I met Mr. Jack Dormer on the street, and he seemed so glad to see me, that he asked where I was stopping, and called on me in the evening. He asked when you and Mr. Melton were to be married. But I shan't tell you any more, for he is coming out very soon, I believe."

"I don't think Jack likes this part of the country enough to visit it again," I replied, sadly; and I believed what I said.

My surprise then was very genuine, when I glanced around the church at Oaklands on the following Sunday, hoping, and yet dreading to see, the proud, erect figure of its founder, and saw Jack just a few benches behind me. I was considerably annoyed at the thought that a recent letter in answer to one from him, had not been sufficient; and that I should have the scenes of our last interview to go over again. When the benediction was pronounced, I turned slowly from my seat—but Jack was already at the door, talking to Fannie Moreland. She had stopped to speak to me as I came out, and his "good-morning, Miss Chester," was formal in the extreme. I had turned to other acquaintances around us, when I saw him lead Fannie to his buggy, and drive off with her. "He is trying to make me jealous," I thought with a smile. And I went home feeling pretty confident that he would be down in the evening. But that and the next day passed, and I knew that his visit had not been to me.

"Shouldn't be surprised if that's a match," said Richard, dryly.

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed. "He thinks it may induce me to call him back!" But when only another fortnight has gone, and I know that a second visit has been paid without coming to Woodlawn, I begin to question Jack's fidelity. "Pshaw!" I murmured bitterly—"In all the world of false and shallow hearts, I will see if mine cannot be as true as the one that has beat for so long with a single love, in the gloomy walls at Oaklands." And I took my old walk to the gate, and dreamed away the twilight in watching the smoke as it curled from the stately old chimneys. Shortly after this Fannie Moreland came down to tell me that she and Jack were engaged, and I received the intelligence with stolid *sang froid*.

"Richard," I said, when she was gone, "a huge disgust is on me just now. I must go back home for a few months. Aunt Grace has written for me, too, and I need change. I shall be back and forth though, often enough for you to tire of me in the course of my life, I reckon."

"Umph! mortified vanity! I suppose," Richard grunts. "I'll take you in to-morrow." Lou is tearful, but I hear him say to her—"May is right, a change will do her good just now," as I go out. And I am happier to think that it is settled after tea. I sit down at the piano in the parlor. "Some of the dear old music once more," I say. And I am singing softly, for I dare not trust my voice—when the door opens, and Richard enters with Colonel Gerald Granger. "I heard you from the road, Miss Chester," he says with his old calm smile—a smile that adds fuel to my own impetuous, fiery nature, "and my horses even refused to carry me past, so I have come in to hear you." And I go on as he entreats, after nerving myself to die rather than let a false or trembling note escape me.

"And so you leave us to-morrow," he says, when I have risen. "My visit is opportune. I shall have the pleasure and pain of bidding you good-by."

"If the pleasure is not greater than the pain, we both may be satisfied, I think," I reply with a cold smile.

"I hear that my young kinswoman, Miss Moreland, and your old friend Mr. Dormer are to be married soon," he says, abruptly changing the subject. "Perhaps you can tell me if it is so."

"I have reason to know that it is," I answer as indifferently as I can.

"Quite a different opinion was entertained by your friends a few months ago," he returns. But perhaps other arrangements have been made for you, and Mr. Melton may figure in the new programme on your return."

"I do not know that I shall ever come again," I say heedlessly. "My plans for the future are quite unsettled, or at any rate my brother and his wife will be the leading inducements for any chance return."

"It may be folly in me to ask if a greater could be offered, but the words force their way without my will. Could you ever be persuaded to return, as the mistress of Oaklands, as my wife?"

"You!" I exclaimed, bereft for the instant of every emotion but astonishment. "You cannot love me!"

"I loved you before I ever knew you, for your beauty, and I have loved you since for your goodness," he says with a quiet energy that I no longer question. "I could not work to win you, as they who feel less might do. At least, Miss Chester—May Chester—be equally candid with me. Yes or no!" I see that the strong facial muscles are steeled to suppress the emotion that speaks only through his eyes; and I obey resistlessly—

"Yes."

"Oh God, I thank thee!" I hear him murmur. And clasped to his strong manly bosom, I feel as if I could weep my very heart out there; for it has found its ideal, and realized a dream.

Flowers are blooming on every parterre at Oaklands, and I have been wandering at will amongst them for a few happy weeks. There is not one gloomy spot to me in house or grounds as I walk alone, or hand in hand with my husband. The neighbors too have welcomed me cordially back, with a few exceptions. Mr. Melton has moved to the city, and Fannie Moreland and Jack are there. Their marriage was celebrated a few days before my own, and some of my friends hinted that Jack had hurried matters, that I might not suppose him distressed at the change in our relations; but I neither know nor care, I believe he is very happy with Fannie, and I am glad to think so. Nothing beyond Oaklands can seriously disturb me, unless—but no, the thought is unworthy, an insult to his truth, and to make amends, I leave my room, and go fearlessly into his study, where he sits sometimes to read or write. I find him at his escretoire, pen in hand, but he looks up with a loving smile, and draws me down beside him.

"I am afraid I interrupt you," I say for form's sake.

"The chief business of my life is to make you happy, May; and when you teach me how to do so, you command not only my earnest attention, but my warmest thanks."

I have my arms about his dear neck, when I notice a small ormolu casket before him, and I take it up curiously.

"How beautiful!" I exclaim. "Does it open?"

"Of course, Inquisitor. Of what avail would it be else. I have some old treasures in it. The only things I prized until you came. Would you like to see them?"

"If you are very willing," I whisper.

He opens it with a little golden key, and I am astonished to find only a pair of white gloves, that have been worn, and a couple of letters.

"Those are the gloves you hallowed, coming from Mrs. Moreland's party," he says, with a tender smile of mischief. "Now look at the letters."

"Oh, no!" I exclaim, drawing back. "I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?" he asks, half reproachfully. "'Perfect love casteth out all fear.' Do you not recognize them? You may have *one*, for in it you tell me that you love and are to marry some one else." Blushing and astonished, I recognized my old anonymous effusions.

"How did you know?" I asked, half ashamed.

"I suspected it the first night I ever heard you talk. I *knew* it, when I found some lines written by you in the novel 'Anteros,' that your brother gave me. I was angry for a time. I thought it a girlish quiz to an old bachelor."

"What made you think otherwise at last?" I ask.

"Mr. Dormer's dismissal, and the *soul* that breathed through them," he replied, as if in thought. "And now, gentle catechist, I have answered honestly, do you likewise. What did you think this box contained?"

"A memento of an earlier time," I stammered, turning away my face. "Something that belonged to—"

"Speak out," he says encouragingly.

"Lena Marston."

"So they had told you of that folly, and you were jealous?"

"Yes."

"Silly little wife, have I reproached you with Mr. Dormer? Seriously, May, the frivolous, senseless girl, who won my boyish admiration, had no soul. And in a year after her marriage I devoutly thanked God and her husband for delivering me from such a curse as my life would have been, chained to such a veritable piece of clay. Believe me, my peerless darling, you have awakened all the love of the man. No thought comes over me that has not you for its focus. And so, my May, binding up my life with a new inspiration as you do, with your sweet bosom to repose upon, with you my world, my *all*, clasped in an embrace not only of the heart's passion, but of the soul's deepest sympathy, can you wonder that it is to *me* a happiness at which I tremble, and which it seems to me even all the gifts of God's goodness cannot transcend. How happy then should we be, how glorified by the recollection of past suffering, how pure in our joys, how satisfied, in the supreme confidence of Love, that *nothing* can divide us, not the sword of Death, nor the corruption of the grave!"

And as we go back hand-in hand into the more cheerfully-lighted rooms, I realize how supreme and mysterious and sweet is the lot of love, when it feels confident of its own,—even in the mysteries of Eternity!

Amen, and Amen!

☞ Bus conductor (suddenly and rudely to languid swell, who is picking his way along daintily)—"Goin' my way?" Languid swell (not a bit astonished, as he was meant to have been, and very calmly)—"No, I'm going my way." 'Bus conductor (rather taken aback)—"Ho! good mornin', then." Languid swell—"It's not a good morning; it's raining." 'Bus conductor (getting angry)—"Better come in my way—goin' all the way to Bedlam." Languid swell (putting his glass up to his eye—"Ya-as, I know you are." 'Bus conductor (very angry, and slamming the door)—"Right! Go on, Bill." Languid swell (following him up)—"No, you're not right, or they wouldn't be going to take you in there!" Complete collapse of conductor.

☞ It is not true that the society for preventing cruelty to animals has voted to remove the monument from over the grave of Benjamin West, because he nipped the tip of the tail of Tabitha to make his first paint-brush.

☞ An Ohio man has applied for divorce, on the ground that his wife insists on his killing the old cat that has been with them for ten years. He says it is not because he hates to part with the animal, but the job is too much to ask of him while he is in feeble health as at present. He has already drowned her twice, shot fourteen rifle balls through her vitals, given her half a pound of Strychnine, committed hari-kari on her with a pitchfork; but each time she comes up smiling, and the only perceptible effect is a trifle more tone to her voice, and a bay window over one eye.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION. RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCILS.

A quorum of the Commissioners to attend the Centennial Celebration of American Independence in 1876, having arrived in Philadelphia, the first meeting was held on Tuesday, the 5th instant.

At ten o'clock in the morning an informal and private meeting of the Commissioners was held in Parlor "C" of the Continental, for mutual introduction and consultation. At half-past 11 o'clock both branches of Councils met in their respective Chambers. In Common Council Mr. John C. Martin offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, inviting Select Council to meet with them in joint convention, for the purpose of welcoming the Centennial Commissioners. The resolution was at once messaged to Select Council and concurred in. Select Council then proceeded to Common Council Chamber, where President Littleton of Select Council, took the chair. The President announced that committees from various societies were present, and he invited them to accompany Councils to Independence Hall. The various bodies then proceed to the hall.

On arriving in Independence Hall, the Councilmen and Committees arranged themselves in a double line around the room, with Mayor Stokley in the centre, and at 12 o'clock the Commissioners entered, escorted by the Chairman and Sub-Committee of the Centennial Committee of Councils. When all the gentlemen had entered the room the door was closed, and Mr. John L. Shoemaker introduced the Commissioners to the Mayor of the city. He said:

Mr. Mayor—As Chairman of the Centennial Committee of the Councils of Philadelphia, I have the honor to present to you the distinguished gentlemen who compose the United States Centennial Commission appointed under the act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1871, and who are assembled here upon the invitation of the authorities of the city of Philadelphia, to enter upon the discharge of their important duties. Mayor Stokley, on behalf of the citizens and officers of Philadelphia, then extended to the visitors a welcome to the city in the following address:

Commissioners of the Centennial International Exposition.—Gentlemen:—It is my pleasant duty, in behalf of the corporate authorities of Philadelphia, to welcome you as guests of the city. The object which has brought your here commends itself to the earnest sympathies of our citizens, and, speaking for them as well as for myself, I cannot too strongly express our gratification that its furtherance has been committed to such able hands. Selected by the highest authorities of the States and Territories you represent, and approved by the highest authority of the nation, you bring with you an assurance that your councils will be inspired by patriotism, and that your decisions will be marked by wisdom. And, gentlemen, looking to the great end you have been appointed to accomplish, how fitting it is that the inauguration of your labors should take place in this Hall. Here was born the mighty republic, whose growth and progress it will be your province to manifest to the world, through the agency of that grand International Exposition of arts, manufactures and products of the soil and mine, the control and management of which have been confided to your care. Here still are preserved with pious zeal the memorials of that august assembly whose immortal declaration changed the political destinies of a continent, and in its consequences has developed and is still developing social and industrial results almost beyond the power of man to estimate. Here, too, at different epochs in our history have come those whom the people delighted to honor, to receive the tribute of their admiration; and here, on their solemn progress to the silent tomb, have reposed the remains of statesmen and warriors who aided to form and sustain and perpetuate that Union which is our pride and boast, and shall be the pride and boast of our children's children to the remotest generations. How fitting, then, I repeat, it is that your mission—a mission the magnitude of which no words of mine can adequately portray—a mission that has for its aim to show how the century now nearing its close, in all the achievements of intellectual and material progress, has had no parallel in all the ages, and especially of all the lands on which the sun shines in this favored land of ours—how fitting it is that your mission should be sanctified at the very outset by the holy influences that prevail within these walls, and that you should receive from the Father of his Country, whose portrait now hangs before you, the injunction so well imparted by his majestic presence, to spare no pains, to omit no opportunity, to allow of no interruption, in proving that the little seed which he and his cotemporaries planted has fructified into a broad and wide-spreading tree, under whose branches all the earth may find shelter and protection.

Gentlemen, this is neither the time nor the place to enter into any of the details connected with your commission. I content myself, therefore, with renewing to you a cordial welcome, and assuring you that, in whatever way Philadelphia may be called upon to contribute to the success of the great enterprise you represent, she will be found true to herself, true to her traditions, true to her position in the sisterhood of cities, and true, above all, to the obligations which, as the birth-place of American liberty, she feels justly imposed on her.

Mr. David Atwood, Commissioner from Wisconsin, then introduced to the Mayor Hon. J. R. Hawley, ex-Governor of and Commissioner from Connecticut, who responded as follows:

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of Philadelphia: The Commissioners gratefully acknowledge the cordial welcome and generous hospitality of the city of Philadelphia, of which they have had continuing and most acceptable evidence from the moment of their arrival. We gladly seize the first opportunity to formally, but most warmly thank you. Though we have not yet devised an organization, nor opened any discussions for plans or purposes, I may say it is obvious from the spontaneous and earnest expressions of all the Commissioners that they are conscious of the laborious but noble task set before them. And it is altogether fit and wise that we should take our first step and utter our first word in this hall. There sat John Hancock, presiding over that immortal body. Here came Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Sherman and Livingston, presenting the sacred Declaration. There lies the broken and silent bell which, on the word, proclaimed "Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." We are confused and silenced by a multitude of thronging memories and reflections. But above all rises profoundly solemn, yet exulting, gratitude to Almighty God for what He has done for the nation. Our fathers were three millions of scattered colonists. They were aware of their divided counsel and feebleness—but, strong in faith, they needed not even the "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night" as they went out into the wilderness of war and rebellion. Heaven accepted their sacrifice, and their consecration made this nation the foremost example of human progress, and put into our hands the form of government requiring the highest type of character. To say that they could not possibly have anticipated the wonders of this day, is to pass the highest eulogy upon their faith and devotion to abstract principles. They could not have dreamed of a gigantic compact nation of forty millions of people, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Nor could they have foreseen the wonderful inventions and discoveries by which the unity, energy and prosperity of great nations are rendered practicable—that already old, yet daily new, miracle of the railway, by which we can seat ourselves in a luxurious parlor at Boston, and in six days look from its windows upon the Pacific; that already old, yet still new, miracle through which all civilized people talk, every morning, of whatever has just happened from San Francisco to Constantinople. It is easier to assemble a Congress from Maine and Oregon than it was fifty years ago to gather a Congress from Massachusetts and Georgia. We are forty millions. We shall soon be sixty, eighty and a hundred millions, and the interchange of thoughts of men and of matter among them all will be easier than it was then in the single Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. All the arts and sciences have advanced. The industrious laborer enjoys beauties, comforts and luxuries which unlimited wealth could not purchase then. The forty millions are all free and equal in civil and political rights. The gates are wide open, and men enough to form a new state come annually to our shores; men of all races, creeds and purposes.

We are preparing to celebrate the Centennial anniversary of the birth of the nation. It is significant and reassuring to observe that it has nowhere been proposed to use the occasion to display great armies and fleets and parade the trophies of bloody conquest, but we invite all the world to come here and see what God has wrought, and assemble here all the wonderful things man has found in nature, either as he has found them or as he has magically transformed them.

The Commissioners will diligently observe the purposes for which they were appointed, in accordance with the act of Congress, and with indefatigable zeal to win for the celebration the favor and support of all the Union. The occasion will have a special value, and we hope a blessed influence within our own boundaries, and they will address themselves in a fraternal spirit to the people of all other nations, that this may be the best exposition yet seen of the men and the works of all the world.

Mr. Shoemaker then stated that it had been hoped and expected that the Governor of Pennsylvania would be present to welcome the Commission on behalf of the state, but the following letter would explain the cause of his absence:

"Executive Chamber, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Feb. 29th, 1872.—John L. Shoemaker, Esq.—My Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th ult., and in reply thereto to say that I heartily concur with you in your remarks on the approaching meeting of the United States Centennial Commissioners in Philadelphia. If sufficiently recovered from my present illness, I will certainly be with you at the time indicated.

"We should give the strongest assurances in our power to the United States Commissioners that we, as Pennsylvanians, duly and fully appreciate the vast responsibilities resting upon us, as well as the herculean duties involved in the prosecution and perfecting the great national object which is about to be undertaken; and while we are willing not only to pledge and to give our best energies in its prosecution, we at the same time earnestly request the hearty co-operation of the people of all the states and territories of the Union to make our first National Centennial the greatest and grandest event of the age.

"Should I not be able to be present on the 4th proximo, please do me the favor to extend to the visiting commissioners, in my name, and that of the people of this state, a most sincere and cordial welcome to Pennsylvania. Yours truly, JOHN W. GEARY."

The members of the Commission were then individually introduced to the Mayor, and some time was spent in mutual introductions and hand-shakings. The entire body then proceeded to Common Council Chamber. Here Presidents Littleton and Wagner occupied the President's desk. The Commissioners were provided with seats and the members of Council remained standing. President Littleton, of Select Council, on behalf of both branches, then addressed the Commissioners, as follows:

Gentlemen of the Centennial Commission: The Councils of the City of Philadelphia, on the 15th day of February, unanimously adopted a resolution placing this and the adjoining rooms, their place of meeting, at your service, to enable you, as a body, to conveniently transact the business for which you have been appointed. It is our pleasant duty to say to you officially that these Chambers are at your disposal for such length of time as you may desire, and to add, that the clerks and messengers of Councils will cheerfully afford any assistance you may need from them.

Commissioner David Atwood, of Wisconsin, who had been chosen temporary President of the Commission, replied, thanking Councils for the use of their rooms, and assuring them that they would be used not only for the benefit of Philadelphia, but the whole country.

The following Committees were announced by the President of the Convention, at the informal meeting at the Continental:

On Credentials—Messrs. Robert Lowry, of Iowa; O. A. Cleveland, of New Jersey; D. J. Morrell, of Pa.; W. H. Parsons, of Texas, and Joshua Nye, of Maine.

On Permanent Organization—Messrs. Jno. L. Campbell, of Indiana; Geo. H. Corliss, of Rhode Island; John Lynch, of Louisiana; Andrew J. Sweeney, of West Virginia; J. D. Creigh, of California; Charles H. Marshall, of New York, and W. F. Prosser, of Tennessee.

On By-Laws—Messrs. Louis Wain Smith, alternate from Georgia; James Birney, of Michigan; Robert H. Lambour, of Wyoming; Henry Probasco, of Ohio; J. Marshall Paul, of Colorado.

The Commissioners have been working busily all the past week, holding meetings every day. Additional delegates are continually arriving.

ITEMS.

A Wilmington, N. C., despatch says it is not known there whether the reports of the death of Henry Berry Lowry, the notorious swamp outlaw, are unfounded. Additional reports are current that he was either murdered by his brother or drowned.

Mrs. Ottie Brooker thinks her sister, Victoria Woodhull, is insane. She denounces Theodore Tilton in strong language.

Boston is contemplating the purchase of the horse railway lines there by the city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE TICHBORNE CASE CONCLUDED.

The great Tichborne case in England has been concluded in one of its phases, at least, by the withdrawal from the contest of the claiment of the Tichborne title and estates, he alleging as his reason therefor the declaration of the jury, on Tuesday, that it had heard sufficient evidence upon which to base a verdict. It is now likely to have another issue, the defence being desirous to bring the claimant to answer to the law for his alleged perjury, and a late cable despatch announces that he has already been arrested and lodged in prison.

This case has been upon trial for a year, and upon either side it has been prosecuted and defended by some of the most distinguished legal minds in England. It has been full of remarkable suggestions, the most remarkable of which was the danger of placing absolute reliance on any evidence brought to bear upon individual identity. Men of all classes and conditions, from Lascer sailors to Peers of England, came forward to swear that the claimant was the man he pretended to be—and yet better evidence, among others, his own letters, two of which, discovered only in the last days of the trial, showed that he was not Roger Tichborne, but instead, one of the boldest, most cunning, unintelligent and unscrupulous impostors conceivable.

He made for himself or had made for him, a case so strong and so like truth, that he found thousands of shrewd, honest people to believe in it and him implicitly. In fact he was believed in by the mother of the man whom he claimed to be, but who he was not. More than this he found hundreds of people who were willing to invest money in certain bonds he issued, said bonds to be paid when the court gave him possession of the Tichborne estates and their vast revenues. With the money so obtained he employed the most distinguished lawyers of England, paying them fabulous sums for their services; he was enabled to bring witnesses at a vast expense from the most distant parts of the world to swear to his identity, but with it all he failed, partly through his own inability to answer the questions showered upon him by the defense, and chiefly through writing too many letters. Had he taken the advice of his mentor, "Mephistophiles," "never to write a letter and never to burn one," possibly he would have fared better.

The Tichborne case so ended will take its place in the annals of English jurisprudence as one of the most celebrated in many ways that was ever submitted to an English jury.

THE O'CONNOR SHOOTING AFFAIR.

Her Majesty has recovered from the shock occasioned by the late wild attempt, and is now quite well. The prisoner who attempted the shooting was arraigned and committed for trial on the charge of misdemeanor. Princes Arthur and Leopold, and John Brown, the well-known attendant of her Majesty, who witnessed the occurrence, gave evidence at the examination.

The excitement occasioned by the personal assault upon the Queen on Thursday has somewhat subsided. The general belief is that the youth O'Connor, who committed the assault, is insane. Strict inquiry fails to reveal the existence of any plan of conspiracy in which O'Connor might have been prime agent. There are no indications of his having been associated with any accomplices in the affair, and the attack is generally viewed as purely the result of mental derangement. The extraordinary character of the documents found in the possession of the prisoner confirms this belief.

HOME NEWS

RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The principal members of the Japanese Embassy, ten in number, were officially presented to the President on the 4th instant, and the customary speeches were interchanged. The Ambassadors were then presented to the ladies of the White House. The Embassy subsequently gave a reception at their hotel, and in the evening dined with Hon. James Brooks at his residence, a distinguished company being present.

Copies of the American case in full, as submitted to the Geneva Board of Arbitration, will be distributed in the Parliament of Great Britain on Saturday.

Alexis is enjoying himself in Cuba.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the French Atlantic Cable Company on Wednesday, it was resolved to lay another cable to America, which will be under the management of the present cable combination.

The trial of the bogus Tichborne perjurer will occur next month.

BURNING OF THE JAYNE BUILDING.

On the night of Monday, March 4, the fine granite building of Dr. Jayne, situated on Chestnut street, below Third, in this city, was destroyed by fire. The firemen labored for six hours, and suffered from the intensity of the weather and the freezing of water upon their equipments, but they worked on, and succeeded by daylight in so far checking the progress of the flames as to make the work of completely drowning the fire out a comparatively easy one. The first companies that left the ground moved off at about eight o'clock in the morning; some of the department remained all day, as there was a fear of the fire reappearing.

Messrs. Eben C. Jayne and John K. Walker, manufacturers of patent medicines, are the chief losers of the occupants. Their printing office, in the portion of the building which was destroyed, contained eight presses, which were either destroyed or rendered valueless. They had much paper on hand, and a large number of the almanacs for 1872. Medicines were also stored in one of the upper rooms, and a large quantity was destroyed. The insurances of the firm on presses, stock, &c., amount to $112,500.

THEY are growing their own poets out in Colorado, or seem at least to have entered upon this field of cultivation. As yet the product seems imperfect imagination largely developed, with some deficiency in the sphere of accuracy, or perhaps we should say sobriety of statement. Here is a specimen:

Is it where the cabbages grow so fast,
That they burst with a noise like the thunder's blast?
Is it where through the rich, deep, mellow soil
The beets grow down as if boring for oil?
Is it where the turnips are hard to beat,
And the cattle grow fat on nothing to eat?
Is it where each irrigating sluice,
Is fed by water-melon juice?
Is it where the 'taters of monstrous size,
Sport, like Argus, their hundred eyes?
Is it where the beautiful speckled trout
Jump into the pan with their insides out?
Where they fish themselves, nor wait to be hooked,
But come to the table ready cooked?
Is it where everything grows to such monstrous size,
That the biggest stories appear like lies?
Tell me, in short, I would like to know,
Is this wondrous land called COLORADO?
You're right, old boy, it is!
—*Leavenworth Press.*

An Original Mode of Advertising.

Paris has quite outgeneraled New York in unique modes of advertising. A short time ago there appeared upon the Bois de Boulogne a handsome barouche and a fine pair of horses. Within the vehicle was seated a gentleman, on either side of whom was a lady in ball costume, and without a bonnet. One of these ladies had a profusion of golden locks, exquisitely arranged; the other was a brunette, with hair equally fine. Both turned their heads toward the apparently favored gentleman sitting between them, whom they seemed to be addressing with great animation. The first impression on the spectator, after admiring the beautiful hair of those ladies, was one of wonderment that they could venture abroad in a cold wind so lightly clad. On a close inspection it appeared that they were wax figures, and that the carriage was the ambulatory advertisement of a hair-dresser.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.—The fish that swallowed Jonah, or one that might have performed that remarkable feat, has been discovered off the coast of Brazil. He does not carry about with him any date or memorandum authenticating his claim to be the original prophet swallower, but he is the only monster of which any account has been given that could so have taken in the rebellious preacher to the Ninevites. His body is over fifty feet long and seven feet in diameter, while the mouth, the most essential part of the creature, will admit of a person standing between the jaws or sitting comfortable in the cavity when they are closed. He is said to be neither shark nor whale.

☞ A Louisiana murderer, having an engagement which he did not wish to break, escaped from jail, leaving a note saying when he would return. He was true to his word, and surrendered himself at the appointed time. The sheriff is in a critical condition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ At St. Cloud, Minnesota, a gentleman drives a pair of elks in his family carriage.

☞ The Boston Journal says the price of kid gloves is to be reduced next season.

☞ An Englishman claims to have in his possession a piece of the waistcoat worn by Charles I. on the morning of his execution.

☞ The tail, the horns having been exhausted, of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, now sells at 25 cents per inch. There are several miles of it left.

☞ It is a wonder it never occurred to George Francis Train to embark in the balloon business—to become an aronaut. It wouldn't cost him a cent for gas, you know.

☞ A bachelor has expressed the opinion that he prefers slim ladies, because he can be nearer their hearts.

☞ In New Orleans, it is said, the ladies are observing leap year by giving up their seats in the street cars to gentlemen.

☞ A jury was recently empanelled in Reading, Pa., the ages of whose members were as follows: 79, 80, 76, 87, 91, 71, 72, 76, 79, 92, 83, 73. The average age was 80 years.

☞ One of the most successful lawyers of Sacramento, Cal., is said to be blind.

☞ The Empire of Japan contains about as many inhabitants as the United States.

☞ A lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child, "What makes you cry?" "He pinched me!" answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

☞ Sir John Duke Coleridge, in his famous speech in the Tichborne case, spoke, altogether, twenty days, occupying four or five hours each day. The speech is the longest on record.

☞ A fashionable caprice with evening dress is to wear three or four bracelets on each arm. The cost will prevent its being followed to any great extent.

☞ Barnum, P. T., the prince of showmen and humbugs, in both of which titles he equally delights, not satisfied with his cannibalistic sensation, creates now a new one. He advertises thus in the New York papers:

"WANTED.—300 men to travel with P. T. Barnum's great show. Exhibitors, cooks, stewards, teamsters, canvassmen, &c. They must be strict teetotallers, genteel, civil, and use no profane language. Address W. C. Coup, manager, Empire Rink, New York."

☞ A new style overcoat in Cleveland causes the wearer to resemble a cross between a "drafted man on picket" and an "old clothes" dealer's sign.

☞ Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has been seriously injured at her home, in Florida, by a fall. She is reported to be likely to recover.

☞ At a marriage lately in Maine, the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright little three-year old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling poor aunty to say something disagreeable, stamped her little foot and exclaimed in a tone of authority, "Auntie, don't oo thay it."

☞ Instead of flying kites, bringing down lightning from Heaven and making philosophical axioms, Benjamin Franklin, of New Orleans, spends a major portion of his time in stealing ducks.

☞ Parlor dancing is a favorite recreation in many home circles in the city. What can be more charming than to see a large family of children, say fifteen or twenty, thus engaged in innocent pastime, the mother sawing away on a fiddle, the eldest daughter throwing her pile-drivers at the piano, while the old man briskly circulates to and fro through the happy throng, with a club in one hand and a butter paddle in the other, adding zest to the exercises, and keeping things warm. It is a picture from which single men should turn and weep.

☞ A Prussian physician has found out all about hydrophobia, and hastens to make public his discovery. He says that the "main cause of rabies is the anatomical alteration of the kidneys through their paranchymatous inflammation." Of course, we knew that it was something like that.

☞ A parsimonious sea captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed: "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour! What do you think of the Apostles? They ate 'shew bread,' made from old boo's and shoes."

☞ A man whose eyesight was not good, was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the nearest drinking saloon, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.

☞ A New York reporter is responsible for the statement that "Time had delved his parallels upon the brow of General Sigel."

☞ Josh Billings says:—

There seems to be four styles of mind.

1st. Them who knows it's so!

2d. Them who knows it ain't so.

3d. Them who split the difference, and guess at it.

4th. Them who don't care which way it is.

☞ Jenny Lind at a recent soiree in Florence, appeared robed in a high-necked gray silk, trimmed with purple, an India muslin cape, and fall of lace over the back hair, which is still worn in the same style as when she charmed her audiences thirty years ago.

☞ Honesty its own reward. An exchange says: "A man who has lost his eyesight by reading a borrowed paper, recovered it soon after he became a subscriber for it."

☞ The New York Mail says that "A question now agitating young 'ladydom' is whether or not it will be correct to come out on Easter Sunday in one's Spring things, Easter comes so early this year." We advise as follows: If you are very desirous of affording business to some young and deserving physician, or some struggling undertaker with a large family, by all means come out in your thin dresses on Easter Sunday and you will probably accomplish the desired results.

☞ A handsome young gentleman walked into the Adams Express office, the other day, and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who in making out his account desired to know what was the risk. The young man hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied: "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."—*Lexington Press.*

☞ A keeper who was taking two convicts to the state prison last week, when the train stopped at Sing Sing, called out, "Step out, gentlemen; fifteen years for refreshments."

☞ An Augusta, Ga., ghost wears No. 10 shoes. The most incredulous scoffer must acknowledge that here is an unquestionable instance of a sole revisiting the earth.

☞ Joaquin Miller lectured in San Francisco a few nights ago. He introduced himself by saying that this was his first attempt to lecture, and if the then condition of his mind remained unchanged, it would be his last. He spoke without notes, and talked about Loudon. He closed with the following remark:—"I thank you for your attention, and (lifting his eyes upward) I am thankful to Him who doeth all things well that I have been enabled to get through." Afterward, at the request of the audience, he read some parts of his poem entitled "Arizona."

BE ECONOMICAL.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth, many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

JENKINS OUTDONE.

In a clever burlesque of the Jenkins style of describing weddings, recently published in the Indianapolis News, the bride's dress is described as a white megatherium silk trimmed with prussic acid blue pompaded front and lambrequins of the same, looped up with calla lilies flecked by furiginated potassite and mellaced trivers—imported expressly for her. Her veil was a biassed polonaise, trimmed with double fluted ruchings, surmounted with the wreath of the snowy trichinallis. Some of the presents were a set of teeth and an oyster-freezer—from the bride's mother; a gold-lined hash-receiver and a set of chaste and elegant terra-cotta jewelry from the groom; a quilt pieced by the donor when eleven years of age, and a package of cabbage seed, from the bride's grandmother, aged ninety, who can read fine print without glasses, and who cracked all the nuts for the banquet with her own teeth.

☞ A little six year old was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production:—"Water is good to drink, to swim in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little baby, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash themselves but once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun!"

☞ "Ten gallons of kerosene, three pounds of potash, one ounce of strychnine, mixed with soft water." It was according to this cheerful, not to say convivial formula, that a quantity of "whiskey" seized last week in Newton, Mass., was compounded, the recipe having also been found in the possession of the unfortunate dealer. If you want "gin," add *quantum sufficit* of oil of juniper! The mystery is that men who drink this diabolical fluid do not drop down stone dead at once.

☞ A few days since, a man well-known in New York society—not young, and who could not dance—was sitting at a party near a young lady, and watching the mazes of the "German." He turned to her, knowing her well, and said, "I wish you would let me put my arm around your waist." Of course she looked at him in amazement. "Oh!" said he, "you know I can't dance, but I don't see the difference. All these young men have their arms about the girls' waists, and why should not I have the same privilege, though I sit still?"

☞ In Pittsburg a breach of promise suit has been commenced, possessing some singular features. Mary Gilmore, the complainant, alleges that one John T. Corbett, of that city, last year happened by chance to see her photograph, and so admired it that, though he had no acquaintance with her, he declared he would marry her. She was then living in Ireland, but so enamored was John of her "photo," that he sent over money to bring her out here. When she arrived, he professed to believe that she did not justify the charms of the photograph, and declined matrimony. Hence the suit.

☞ At Omaha, a few days ago, a red flag was placed in front of a house used for the reception of small-pox patients. A large crowd was attracted by it, who besieged the front door and wondered when "the auction was to begin." When informed of the real state of the case, they scattered in double quick.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"SOME SHAKING."

Tom is a queer genius, and lets off some tall ones occasionally. He visited us the other day in our sanctum with a "How do you do, old fellow?"

"Hello, Tom," said we, "where have you been so long?"

"Why, sir, I've been down on Severn river, in Anne Arundel county, taking Shanghai notes on the chills and fever."

"Ah, indeed,' said we, "are they very bad down there?"

"Rather bad," said Tom, dryly. "There is one place where they have been attempting to build a brick house for eight weeks—well, the o her day, as the hands were putting up the bricks, preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking till the bricks were dust of the finest quality. Just at that juncture, the chills came on with renewed force, and they commenced shaking with such gusto that they were entirely obscured for hours in the cloud of dust thus raised, and the people of the neighborhood thought the sun was in an eclipse."

"Gas!" said we.

"Not at all," said Tom.

"Why, I was sixteen miles further down the river the other day, and saw four men carrying a big pine log from on board the schooner to the shore. The chills came on, and they shook the log, which was thirty feet long, all up in pieces of the proper length for fire-wood, and then taking a reshake of it, split and piled it up, at the same time shaking all the knots out of it."

"Can't believe anything like that, Tom."

"It's a fact," said Tom, and he resumed: "There's a farmer down there, who, in an apple-picking season, hauls his niggers out to the orchard, and sets one up against each tree. In a short time the chill comes on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the trees on to the ground."

"Incredible," said we, holding our sides with our hands.

"Fact," said Tom, "they keep a man along side of each negro to take him away as soon as the fruit is off, for fear that he will shake the tree down."

Tom continued: "Mr. S——, a friend of mine, and a house-carpenter, was engaged a few days ago in covering the roof of a house with shingles. Just as he was finishing a chill came on and he shook every shingle off the roof. Some of them are supposed to be flying about yet.

"Another gentleman near the same place, was taken with a chill the other day at dinner, and shook his knife and fork down his throat, besides breaking all the crockery-ware on the table. His little son, who was sitting at the table at the same time, was taken with a chill and shook all the buttons off his inexpressibles, and then shook himself clear of them!"

We then prevailed upon Tom to desist, who did so with the understanding that he was to give us the balance some other time.

Persons who think of emigrating to Anne Arundel county will please take notice.

THE WAY HIS GRANDFATHER DID IT.

Among the workmen in the factory at B—— was a man who made himself very disagreeable by always failing to see anything new, or astonishing, or interesting in any of the stories that were told over their dinner-pails. He was always replying, "Oh, that's nothing new; that's the very way my grandfather done," until it became a nuisance. One day one of the boys was describing the manner of a hanging he had witnessed, to which all seemed very attentive except this man, whose thoughts seemed somewhat divided. Some one turned to him and said, "Well, what do you think of that?" "Oh pshaw!" said he, evidently without thinking, "that's nothing; that's the way my grandfather was hung." He never heard the last of it, and it is a standing expression in the shop to this day.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

Evidence accumulates daily in favor of the theory that George Washington, the immortal patriot, left a cherished legacy of freedom to the American people, and imparted to them some of his own intense hatred of tyrants. There, for instance, was the woman out in Illinois who was impressed with the conviction that the school-teacher was disposed to exercise despotic and cruel authority over her children. She drew in a love of liberty with the air she breathed, and her whole nature so revolted at the attempt of the pedagogue to crush the scholars under her iron heel, that she addressed the said teacher in the following spirited language:

miss brown i want you strictly understand that you hant boss of my Children if you keep maria for ben late you Wil have trubl you nead not think Wee are Slave becas wee hant Wee live inn a free land adoo.

While America has such mothers as this—while our dear country possesses women who are convinced that they are not slaves, and are ready to die, if need be, in defence of "maria's" rights, is it any wonder that this nation should hold the foremost place upon the earth? (Nobody need undertake to answer this question. We know it is not a wonder.)

ONE OF THE CANDIDATES.

A GENTLEMAN travelling through Indiana in the early days of that now powerful and vigorously growing state, stopped at a log cabin and asked and obtained entertainment for man and horse. During conversation after supper the stranger said—

"I am travelling through your country to obtain information about its resources and products."

"Well, stranger," observed the host, "you have stopped at the right place. I am a candidate for the Legislature, and I reckon I know as much as the next man."

"Ah, indeed? Well, I am fortunate. What is the population of your county?"

"Corn, wheat, oats, and seed-like truck."

"You misunderstand me. I want to know the population of the county."

"Oh, to be sure; I did misunderstand. Well, there's oak, hickory, dogwood, and some elms, mostly with vines running up."

A LONG SERMON.—A lady took her son of some five years, to church. After the minister had been preaching about half an hour the little fellow grew sleepy and began to nod. The mother roused him into attention several times, by pinching, but as it seemed a hopeless case, she concluded to let him sleep undisturbed. After the little fellow had his nap out, he awoke, and saw the minister still holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face, and innocently asked, "Mother, is it this Sunday night, or is it next Sunday night?"

CALLING THE FIGURE.—The following is the way they called out the figure of a "reel" in Arkansas: "Dance to the gal with the yellow shawl; now down outside and up the middle; turn her to your partner, Isaac Smach, and now to that entire stranger; sachez to the right and left; ra de tan, da da de; now to Peter Schwitcball's daughter; turn to your partner, every one; set to the girl with the flaring frill; balance one and spin about to the girl with the hole in the heel of her stocking!"

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 17.

THE SMUGGLERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Since three o'clock the night had fallen rapidly. For two hours the way had been growing more rough and lonesome. Whether on a direct or indirect route, I must be nearing the coast. Numerous reasons made it expedient that I should get to my destination as soon as possible; so wondering much at the broken and wild state of the country, I urged my steed into his best trot, and cast an anxious eye towards the dark, heavy clouds massed overhead. Just as twilight was shutting in the distant landscape, I unexpectedly came out upon a bold and rocky promontory. Stretched broadly before me was a shiftting mass of darkening sea, with the wind coming in low, gusty rushes across the flats, and driving slight ruffings of foam among the shingles.

I drew rein and looked about me quite perplexed. I had struck upon the coast from an entirely different direction from that which I had anticipated, and, therefore, was at a complete loss whether I should turn to the left-hand or the right, and follow the course until I came upon Belgarde, the small seaport town of which I was in quest. In all my windings in and out from the village twelve miles back, I had gone no one could tell how far astray. More vexed with myself than I cared to own, I rose in my stirrups and cast an anxious glance over the surrounding country. My wandering gaze was soon hemmed in by rough ledges, strips of forest and bald bluffs. I drew the left hand rein at a venture, admonished by a few straggling rain drops, that, on striking me, spread out to the size of miniature plasters. The storm was gathering over the surface of the distant sea, its hoarse, low murmur being distinctly audible, and increasing each moment.

I mended my pace to a furious gallop, anxious to secure a shelter for the night. The wind that swept from the ocean penetrated the flesh and set me quivering with cold.

I made three miles in a little time, and paused abruptly before the dim outline of a heap of rubbish which I mistook at first for a human habitation. My good steed was also deceived, he having given out a joyful whinny when the ungainly black mass appeared. I was so anxious for shelter of some kind, that I dismounted and stumbled about the place, but found only charred lumber, heaps of stones, mortar and general rubbish; so there was nothing but to swoop up through the streams of falling rain to my horses back and get on again.

It now became so dark that all idea of space was lost. I was as if shut into a huge press, while on every side was the near rush and roar of the falling torrents and the distant thunder of the incoming waves.

After riding two or more miles from the ruin, I was sure that through the sheets of rain pouring around me, and streaming from my hat-rim, I saw a light twinkle glimmer and go out; but pressing forwards towards it, my horse soon brought me to the very edge of the water, and I directly concluded that the light which I had seen was from some schooner making for the offing.

Again disappointed, I turned my horse squarely about, and by so doing discovered a veritable stationary light upon the shore. With reviving courage, my horse struck off towards this cheerful gleam. Twenty minutes of helter-skelter riding over the rough face of the coast-land brought us before the hut of a fisherman. Glad of any shelter, I knocked vigorously upon the door, and called out to those within. My practiced ear detected a hurried scuffling inside, and there seemed to be a hesitancy about admitting me.

I had knocked the second time before the low door swung inwardly, framing in the aperture the short, squat figure of a man, apparently sixty years of age. The light which he attempted to hold flared so widely, threatening to become extinguished, that he shot the hand that held it behind the door, and challenged me in a hoarse bass voice—

"Who are ye? and what do you want here?"

I replied that I had lost my way, and wanted shelter from the rain, being already nearly drowned in my clothes.

The old fellow turned and said something to some person invisible to me, and mumbled that my horse should be looked after, as I entered without invitation the humble dwelling. After I had come into the light, he surveyed me with the keenest scrutiny, and with a glance that disquieted me.

"Wild night!" I ventured.

"Wild night! wild night! wild night!" he repeated, with several intonations.

Suddenly he darted by me, and seizing my drenched and smoking steed, he led her to the rear of the hut, and I heard a clatter as if they had trodden in upon a plank-floor. He soon returned and hung his lantern by the window, where, as he passed to and fro, he swept his hand against it, muttering—

"Tick-tock, this is my clock."

Strange ideas flocked through my brain, but I gave no sign.

"Can I have some supper?" I asked. "The coarsest food would be welcome, for my long ride has given me the appetite of a wolf."

"Supper! supper! supper!" he called, opening one or two rear doors, and pronouncing the words as if to some person beyond.

Evidently the man was in a wild state of insanity.

"They always come in that way," he said to me confidentially; "but the rain washes them away. One, two, three," swinging his lantern with each word. "I'll get the supper then;—a roast, a toast, or simply a boast for supper?"

How his eyes glowed.

"Roast or toast is preferable to a boast for a hungry man."

He dropped upon his knees and puffed vigorously among the drift-staff, which soon began to sputter and snap and glow. He then dumped a pile of sea-biscuit upon the rough deal table, and as he protruded his wire griddle over the coals, crisping a few fishes between its jaws, a dim recollection of something that I had heard burst upon my mind.

"You are Simon Crane?" I asked.

The suddenness of the question relaxed his muscles, and the gridiron fell into the crater of coals, but he immediately resumed it, and answered:

"Simon with all the hooks and crooks of a Crane."

The persons in whose employ I then was, had told me that my first day's journey would probably bring me to the hovel of Simon Crane, a harmlessly insane old fellow, who would, doubtless, shelter my horse, if I did not choose to push by night to the end of my route; but by my getting upon the wrong road I had come upon the cabin unexpectedly. Then the ruin that I had passed was where a dozen years before had lived a man outlawed from society by his mysterious and gloomy manner, and who, being suspected of false lights and wrecking, and having the arm of the law stretched out to encircle him, while he explained away these strange accusations, burned down his buildings and fled to parts unknown.

Meanwhile that I am telling this, Simon had broiled the fish and dropped them upon a waiting plate, and turning out a villainous compound which he denominated coffee, he motioned me up to eat, having first summoned several invisible people to come out and eat with us, and setting his lamp ticking again like a fiery pendulum.

"Eat and drink, eat and drink; lay down and get up—hoo, hoo! what owls are we—hoo—hoo!" and he took a sea-biscuit in both hands to nibble in that manner, casting to the left and right fiery glances of his rolling eyes. The scene was more novel than exhilarating. Without was a furious sweep of rain and a solemn roar of rushing wind, blending with the continuous thunder of the surf. There were times when my questions and conversation elicited no reply from this strange person; then again he would burst out so suddenly with some remark, or with a peal of senseless laughter, as to quite unhinge my nerves.

Had the storm raged less furiously, I should certainly have preferred to get forward rather than remain in such weird company. As if to farther elevate my spirits, he called out, just as I threw myself in a corner to rest,

"Have you quick hearing? They will come at midnight."

"Who?" said I, with a trifle of nervousness, "who will come?"

"The owls, the owls, hoo-hoo! They light on my roof, they swarm the forests around. I call them hoo-hoo! I call them hoo!"

In spite of myself I was too weary to keep awake, or in a sitting posture even, and with that fearlessness or recklessness that frequent dangers engender, I found my eyelids closing on the scene, while the swaying, fiery pendulum, the rushing sweep of the rain, the incoherent muttering and laughter of Simon were blended with the real or imaginary hooting of owls.

I awoke in safety about daylight, and found the storm somewhat subsided, but the sky not cleared. I waited to partake of a morning meal with the old man, and then mounting my horse, I retraced my steps of the night previous, after having first asked of Simon the direct route to Belgarde.

Some strange whim led me down by the shore. From the cliffs above Simon was gathering drift-wood and looking at imaginary owls. The storm had been heavy. Drift-wood was tossed high into the fissures, and the water rolled dark and sullen to my very feet.

About half a mile from Simon's hut, on the beach, I noticed traces of a boat's keel, and the impress of feet along the soft sand of a sheltered cove. Doubtless some fishercraft had put in there without knowing of the cabin so near them.

Late in the day I came into Belgarde, sought out the gentlemen to whom business called me, but noticed with some emotions of wonder that my papers in my breast-pocket were tumbled in a manner for which I could by no means account. A dozen trifling circumstances began to assume important appearances in my mind. I ran them over rapidly, and consulted with Mr. D——, who was watching the sea-port of Belgarde with an eye to wreckers and piratical craft.

He considered me troubled with chimeras of the brain, although he did not say as much; and to be rid of my persistent request, he offered me a few picked men of the coast guard to follow my bidding, promising me promotion if I accomplished my object.

Lieutenant Darte left Belgarde with five other smart fellows of the corps under his command, riding from the town in a westerly direction. With an uncomfortable feeling that I was being stealthily watched, I rode off leisurely to the northeast.

The storm of the night before had not yet finished its career, and was preparing to enter upon another wild uproar. The waves rolled heavily over the flats, the wind burst out in thunderous symphonies along the forest belt. I had gone forward for the distance of a mile or thereabouts, when my ear caught a sound that was very much like the clicking of a loose horse shoe. The wind was driving heavily behind me, but for the space of two minutes I listened vainly for that click again, and was just about to conclude that it originated among the buckles and straps of my own girths or stirrups, when my steed shied somewhat, and a horseman dashed by me at break-neck speed.

I called out, "hallloo, stranger," but without any reply he tore on ahead, and partly for the sake of companionship through the darkness, but more from a spirit of mischief to overtake one who sought to evade me, I gave my horse the rein and clattered in his rear. I might have got the idea that it was a wild huntsman of Hartz Mountains wandering down to the coast, had it not been for the exceedingly human sounds which he uttered occasionally to urge on his horse to greater speed.

All at once a suspicion bearing upon the case, flashed into my mind. The playful race now became a furious pursuit. The stranger was determined to outrun me.

Down the steep declivities, up the rocky rises, through creeks we went. His object became plainer each moment.

The darkness of the night made the route extremely dangerous to one unfamiliar with it but I was not to be balked now. I gained upon him, for there were few horses that could get out of reach of Hassan when she did her best, still I might not have succeeded if it had not been for a lucky stumble on the part of the foremost horse. Before he got well on his feet again, I had him by the bridle.

"I am no highwayman," said I, "but the least movement on your part brings a bullet from my pistol into your vitals. You know my business and I know yours, but you are in my power." The tones of his voice, as he made reply, condemning the outrage, as he called it, of being stopped in such a manner, convinced me that he was a young fellow, but he proved to be shrewd enough. I knew that we must be nearing the cove, and I was in a tremble of apprehension, lest the squad swinging around on another quarter should not arrive in time.

I was intending to come in a silent manner upon the cabin of Crane, but just before we came to it—for after I had got the fellow's bridle I had curved up from the direct route from Belgarde, so as to pass the ruin as on the previous night—my companion gave vent to the dismal hooting of an owl, prolonging the latter syllable until the woods rang again.

"Ah, that's your game, is it?" I questioned, being ready to puncture his small brain with my pistol. "Well you have just sprung the trap for me;" and yet I was fearful that the officers would be too late.

Letting go of the bridle, I spurred forward toward the cove, readily conjecturing that the warning cry of my companion had penetrated to the smugglers' ears, and under cover of the darkness they would push off.

Several shots were now fired in rapid succession in the direction of the shore, and hastening down, I found that a brief hand-to-hand struggle had resulted in the capture of the crew of the schooner Pelican, whose business, for a long time, had been suspected to be smuggling.

While the officials had been rummaging about Belgarde, watching every offing or sheltered cove, and I had been sent down with papers wherein was set forth the facts, as they supposed, that the Pelican made harborage at Searsport, twelve miles further down the coast, I had lost my way, and putting this and that together, I had sighted the game; and the fellow whose warning hoot had caused them to dash for their dory, had been commissioned to hang around Belgarde and give warning of danger. The man who formerly owned the house where the ruins now were, was the captain of the smuggler.

Old Simon was not so crazy as people supposed. His wild hoots, his swinging lantern, had been so many signals of danger to those who were about to approach the cabin.

My villainous coffee had been slightly drugged, and during my sleep my papers had been ransacked and my destination found out.

Nothing could be more nicely planned than the whole business. Many thousand dollars' worth of goods was found in the vaults under the rubbish of the burned house.

I couldn't forbear asking old Simon to give a hoot, when I met the whole posse, three of whom had been wounded before surrendering to the officers in the guard-house.

He rolled his eyes at me, but said not one word in reply.

My exploit earned me the right to wear a hat-band with a yellow filagree woven in it.

TOO CRITICAL.

BESSIE.—"Listen, Laura—

'The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Carnation's sweet and so are you.'

There! isn't that *beautiful*?"

THAT ELT PUSS LAURA.—"Yes, dear! only I don't think he's very complimentary to say you are 'blue,' is he?"

Answers to Correspondents.

EGO GEORGE asks: "Is the Doylestown Democrat yet published? and by whom?" It is still published by W. W. H. Davis.

E. H. (Centreville, Ohio,) asks: "Through your correspondents' column, will you inform me from whence our last names originated? Any information on the subject will be thankfully received." They originated in a great variety of ways, certain names being applied to certain parts originally from some personal peculiarity, or special circumstance, and becoming fixed as the family name of his descendants. Thus many are named from the colors—Black, Brown, &c.; many from trades, as witness Smith, Carpenter, &c.; from their country, as English, Scott, &c. A long list of such evident names might be made; and in probably a majority of cases the original meaning of the name can be discovered.

L. Q. B. writes: "I have been a reader and lover of yours for many years; ever since I could remember, or read, the Post has been my companion and oracle. I have noticed your column for answering correspondents, and have wished several times to ask you some questions, which I will now do. I am only twenty-two, yet I find my hair is turning gray. Can you tell me what causes hair to turn gray prematurely? Is there any remedy for it?" Gray hair is supposed to result from several causes. One of these supposed causes is contraction of the skin at the roots of the hair, which prevents the coloring matter from ascending the minute tube to the interior of the hair. It is in this way that cold is supposed to act on the fur-bearing animals of the north, whose fur turns white in winter. In man this contraction may be caused by cold, grief, fear, fever, and other causes, as also by age. Another supposed cause is a superabundance of lime in the system, or a drying up of the fluids of the body, thus depositing solid lime within the hair tubes, and so hindering the flow of coloring matter. There is no certain means known by which this change of color may be prevented. Could the exact cause of change in any instance be known a remedy might be applied; but this is not easily ascertained. A premature change is often constitutional, and in this case is beyond cure.

C. R. (Atlanta, Ga.,) writes: "May I venture to trouble the Post for something which I want to know? What is the climate of Greece? Is it not rather cool? And is the land not very fertile? I cannot conceive how, otherwise, it could have attained its ancient population, and its remarkable development." It is not cool. Frost appears there scarcely once in twenty years. The orange, lemon, olive, date, palm, and other tropical trees grow there in the open air. At present men sleep in the streets from the middle of May to the end of September. In fact there is no more equable and charming climate, the heats of summer being tempered by cool sea breezes. Greece is a net work of mountains. Scarce two-fifths of the land is capable of cultivation, and that not especially fertile. The most talented of the Grecian peoples were very temperate eaters. An ordinary American farm laborer eats enough to keep a family of Athenian Greeks.

CONE, (Andover, Massachusetts,) writes: "I have lately, in my reading, met the phrase, 'Jack Cade legislation!' Can you tell me what is meant by it? Also what is the true meaning of 'Quit Rent?' I am told that a person who has paid it is quit from all future rent charge. But I can hardly credit this. Please answer soon." In the year 1450 Jack Cade, an Irishman, headed some 20,000 men of Kent "to procure redress of grievances by Parliament." When John Bright, in 1866, advised reformers to march in mass to the House of Commons, and demand an answer to their claims, it was called "Jack Cade legislation," or legislation by force of outside pressure. Quit Rent is a corruption of the Saxon *Huit Rent*, meaning white rent, or rent paid in white or silver money, and not in the coin in which other rents were paid. It has nothing of the meaning of our word quit, so that the interpretation often given it is not correct.

B. F. S. (Frederick, Maryland,) writes: "Who were Mason and Dixon, and what is their line? I have been all my life hearing of this strange, mysterious line, and never yet found out just what it was." Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were two English mathematicians and surveyors, who were appointed to run a line between the State of Pennsylvania and the States of Maryland and Virginia. This was performed between 1763 and 1767, and for a long period formed the northern boundary of the Slave States.

MRS. J. S. (Lawrence, Indiana.) We have no recollection of the question sent. Please send again.

L. B. S. 1. Your poem is longer than we like, and is respectfully declined. 2. We have no fixed rule.

FARMER (Zanesville, Ill.) inquires: "1st. What has become of Zig? 2d. How long can I keep sending names for the Post at the same price." Zig's health was so impaired by the chills, that she was forced to discontinue writing. The last time we heard from her, we greatly regret to say, she had not recovered sufficiently to resume her pen. Additions can always be made to clubs, if the subscriptions are allowed to commence and end with the original club—we supplying the back papers when we have them. We can still supply back numbers to the first of the year.

J. H. W. (Twin Grove, Wis.,) writes: "Are the valleys west of the Cascade Mountains, in Washington Territory, covered with timber? Is it a good climate? Is the soil fertile? What are the chief productions? Would you advise a person with a small capital, to go there with a colony? There is a company of men trying to get a colony started to go to that section of country. You will oblige me very much if you will answer my questions." These valleys were originally covered with an unbroken forest, of magnificent evergreens. Firs are found there from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet high, and of four to five feet diameter, being very valuable for ship timber. The production is said to be one million feet of lumber to the acre. In some of the western valleys of the Cascade range the land has been cleared, and is found to be exceedingly fertile. All kinds of grain and vegetables grow abundantly in the Oregon valleys, and the Washington land may prove equally productive. Fruits, such as the apple, pear, plum, peach, &c., are of superior quality and flavor. The climate is mild—the winter temperature in Oregon corresponding with that of Savannah, Ga. As to advising persons to emigrate there, that we shall not attempt to do. We give you the state of affairs there, as represented, and leave you to decide for yourself.

B. C. T. (Hertford, N. C.,) writes: I will trouble you with a few questions, hoping that you will give them your earliest attention. 1st. How much did the late war cost the United States from beginning to end? 2d. Did the trial of President Johnson cost the Government anything? If it did, please tell me how much? 3d. How many people die annually in the United States? 4th. Do you think ardent spirits more destructive than war? Judging from the past—from creation up to now—more destructive, in every form, property, lives, morals and happiness? 5th. How many lives were lost in the late war in Europe?" The debt of the United States on July 1st, 1861, was 90,867,828,68 dollars. On July 1st, 1865, it was 2,682,593,026,53 dollars, the difference between these two sums will represent the cost of the war and of the Government during the four years intervening. The trial of President Johnson undoubtedly cost the Government something, but no statement of its real cost has been made. The late census makes our population a little over 38½ millions. Each generation lives, on an average, about 33 years. Divide the numbers of the population by 33 and you will arrive at the annual deaths nearly. Your fourth question cannot be answered in a paragraph. It involves so many considerations that it would take a volume to properly answer it. We have seen no reliable statement of the loss of life in the late war in Europe.

W. H. D., (Whatcom, Wash. Ter.,) writes: "Please tell me what you understand by 'upwards of twenty dollars;' whether it is more or less than twenty, and if there is any difference between 'twenty dollars and upwards,' and 'upwards of twenty.' Also tell me is astronomy a practical science? Do you answer any but subscribers?" We should certainly consider "upwards of twenty dollars" as meaning more than twenty. If there is any difference in meaning between the two expressions it is so infinitesimal as to escape our vision. Astronomy is a practical science. We are always happy to furnish information to any inquirer, whether a subscriber or not; but always live in the hope that such parties will turn from the error of their ways, and subscribe.

J. R. (Hartland, Denver,) asks: "1st. Whom do you consider the best authors in the following named works:—Botany, Logic, Natural History, Astronomy and Chemistry. I have a circular of Wood's Botany, but have never seen the work, and if I purchase, would like to get the best for a moderate price, of the above named books. Can you refer me to some good reliable firm, where I can purchase the books referred to, &c. 2d. Is Professor Parson's 'Laws of Business' good authority, and reliable for all forms of business, and can you give me the price?" There are so many works on the various subjects mentioned, that we cannot undertake to say which is the best in each department. Each has probably certain points of excellence, and we know of none that stands out pre-eminently before the others. The work you mention, Wood's Botany, is a good elementary work. There are many book firms who would willingly furnish you with the information required, and supply you with the most popular works on the subject. We may mention among these, J. B. Lippincott & Co., and T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia. Parson's Laws of Business is a good work, and probably reliable authority for the subjects on which it treats.

BLUNDERBUSS, (Jackson, Missouri,) writes: "I beg leave to trouble you with the following questions:—Is Andrew Johnson dead? What is the correct pronunciation of Don Quixote? Where did Aaron Burr die, and at what place did he live after his unfortunate altercation with Hamilton? Was George Washington a single or married man? What are the wages of a good telegraph operator? What books would a man need to begin the study of Law? Can a person become a successful lawyer without any knowledge of other languages than his own?" He is not dead. The word is pronounced in Spanish, as if spelt Don Ke-ho-ta, with the long sounds of the vowels. The Spanish Qu resembles our K in sound, and X is pronounced like our H. It is generally pronounced by English scholars as if an English word. Aaron Burr died on Staten Island, September 14, 1836. After his duel with Hamilton, he gave up his residence in New York, and in 1805 went Southwest. On his return he was tried for treason. Being acquitted, he went to Europe. He returned to New York in 1812, and resumed the practice of his profession. General Washington was married. The wages of telegraph operators vary, the wages ordinarily paid to good operators being about $100 a month. In regard to your last questions you will need to apply to a practical lawyer; an acquaintance with other languages would be useful, but is not absolutely necessary.

SUNSCHINER, (Metompka, Ala.) says: "Please be so kind as to say which is the best method of preserving eggs. I have, I think, read, that by covering them with whitewash they will remain good for months. I have also heard of their being preserved in common salt; as also when packed in meal. Please say which, if either, of those modes you would adopt, or if you know a better." We should try them all, and adopt that which gave the best results. A better than the whitewashing process is the use of varnish, but we should imagine both these processes too troublesome. A very good mode of preservation is to place them in lime-water, adding a little salt. Another process is to pack the eggs in a pot into which melted tallow, not too hot, is poured. The tallow hardens round and preserves the eggs, and may afterwards be used for other purposes.

G. M. H., (Athens, Mo.) writes: "Please inform me through the Post as to the number of vessels in the navies of the different nations." The navy of Great Britain consisted, in 1870, of 556 vessels of all grades, containing 1864 guns. In the same year France had 480 vessels, with 2750 guns. Germany, 81 vessels, with 548 guns. Russia, 309 vessels. Italy, 91. Austria, 77. Spain, 127. At the same period the navy of the United States consisted of 181 vessels, mounting 1309 guns. Of these, 52 were iron-clads; 36 sailing vessels; the balance steamers. But of these vessels many were in the condition popularly known as hulks, and we had only 49 vessels available for war purposes. Our navy, at present, is in a yet worse condition.

H., (Dayton, O.) writes: "Will you be kind enough to answer a few questions? What is the origin of the word Tammany? Can you tell me any way of coloring cotton red?" Tammany, or Tamanend, was the name of a celebrated chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians. He lived in the seventeenth century, and was noted for his wise and pacific rule. What is known as Turkey red gives a fine color to cotton, but the process is long and difficult. Shades of red, crimson, and scarlet may be obtained by steeping the cotton for some hours in a decoction of sumach. Afterwards passing in a dilute solution of a salt of tin, then working in the decoction of dyewood. Barwood, limawood, or peachwood, with varying quantities of fustic and logwood, give all the shades necessary.

J. H. (West Milton, Ohio) writes: "Please inform me where I can find a paper or magazine giving the latest styles of Bugies, Spring Wagons, &c., or are there any such periodicals?" There is such a newspaper, published in New York, and called, we think, the Coachmaker's Guide.

J. M. (Granite, Cal.) asks: "Please inform me who commanded the expedition at the time of the Mormon war." It was commanded by Col. Albert Sidney Johnston; afterwards a General in the Confederate army, who fell in the battle of Shiloh, in 1862.

HERBERT (Rushville, Ind.) writes: "Please inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, as to whether or not Rossini was a composer of Opera music? Or was he merely a teacher of Opera music? and also was he an Italian, or a Frenchman?" Rossini was an Italian, and celebrated as a composer of operatic music.

NO NAME (Apalachicola, Fla.) writes: "I wish to know if Water Celery (on which wild ducks feed) is grown from the seed or from the root? Also, where I can purchase it? as I wish to bait a place for wild ducks, and thinking that a good feed, and seeing it in the Chesapeake Bay, I thought it well to try it." The plant alluded to has its name of water celery simply from its resemblance in color and flavor to the garden celery, and belongs to an entirely different family. It is probably a species of Vallisneria, being a sort of aquatic grass that has no commercial importance sufficient to bring its seeds into the market. It is only valuable as the food of the Canvas Back Duck. In attempting to propogate it then, you will have to experiment for yourself, by obtaining the root or seeds of the plant from its native place, and planting in your locality.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 1st and 2d are the abbreviation of a boy's name.
My 1st, 2d and 3d make the name of an article in general use among the Chinese as a part of their religious worship, an article that costs them millions of dollars annually, is held in highest veneration by every man, woman and child in the Empire, yet is ruthlessly destroyed by them, and they think it a merit so to dispose of this object of regard.
My 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th give the name of one famous in Bible history.
My 3d, 4th and 5th are found in the beginning of the first month in autumn.
My 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th sound very much like a quarrel.
My 7th and 8th show some sort of community.
My whole is a celebrated Jewish historian and antiquary, considered the best authority we have in regard to many subjects pertaining to the times of which he wrote.

F. R. I.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

The first of two casks contains 30 gallons of wine, and the second contains 20 gallons of water; 5 gallons are drawn from the second cask and used, and then 5 gallons are drawn from the first cask and poured into the second, and the deficiency in the first supplied with 5 gallons of water.

Required—the quantity of *wine* in the second cask after six such operations as the one described above, supposing the two fluids to mingle perfectly.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An Answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

The four sides of a trapezium tract of land are consecutively 38, 62, 70 and 50 perches. What is the area of a circle inscribed therein touching with its circumference each of the sides of said trapezium in the middle? AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a watch-chain like a rowdy? When it's a blackguard.

☞ Why are women like beets? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

☞ When is a lover like an ancient instrument of warfare? When he's a cross beau (crossbow.)

☞ Why ought a person who is confined to his bed never to be believed? Because he *lies*.

☞ When is a man like a crowbar? When he goes in for a *prize*.

☞ Why is a railway bridge like a strong rope? Because it can bear a goods train (good strain.)

☞ Why is the letter G like a gentleman who has left an evening party? Because it makes one gone.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—"O hide not thou thy face from me, nor cast thy servant away in displeasure."

RIDDLE—The letter "H."

WORD SQUARE—

B E M A D
E V E N E
M E D E A
A N E A R
D E A R N

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.

Answer to Hildebert Kobel's Problem of November 25, 1871.—John's part, 181.001¶ perches; Charles's part, 131.508¶ perches; Peter's part, 317.490¶ perches. Together, 630 perches of the road. Hildebert Kobel, D. Diefenbach, Aldison H. Study.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's Trigonometrical Problem of Nov. 4, 1871.—25.934 feet. D. Difenbach, Aldison H. Study.

Answer to O. R. Sheldon's Problem of Dec. 16, 1871.—1278. O. R. Sheldon, U. Hiltabidle.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM of Feb. 17. Area, 117 acres 90 perches. Distance from 1st corner to spring, 40 perches; from 2d corner to spring, 96 perches; from 3d corner to spring, 180 perches; from 4th corner to spring, 75 perches.—Augustus, Daniel Diefenbach, Aldison H. Study, W. J. Barrett.

RECEIPTS.

RICE PUDDING.—Take cold boiled rice, that had been left from a previous dinner, put it in a pudding-pan, and mash all the lumps thoroughly, then take one pint of milk and two eggs, and mix all together; if the rice has been previously sweetened, it will require very little more sugar. Sprinkle with cinnamon or grate nutmeg on the top; a pint of milk will answer for about a pint of the boiled rice. Bake as ordinary pudding.

SWEET-POTATO PUDDING.—Take five or six good sized sweet potatoes and boil them, when done peel and grate them; add one pint of milk, three eggs, sweeten to suit the taste, and a little rose brandy; bake in a pudding-pan in a moderately-warm oven. Add cinnamon, if desired. This is delicious.—*A constant reader of the Saturday Evening Post.*

TO BAKE A FRESH SHAD.—Make a stuffing of bread, butter, salt, pepper, and parsely; fill a large shad with this, and bake it in a stove or oven.

PAINTING A ROOM.—Get a painter to mix the quantity of paint required. Purchase such a brush as is sold for twenty cents; have the surface you intend painting thoroughly cleansed from grease or spots; stir the paint well, and you can proceed. There is very little labor in this, and often may be done to advantage by a woman. If much of a job is undertaken, it is needful to have oil and turpentine added.

ECONOMICAL PAINT.—Skim milk, 2 quarts, fresh slacked lime 8 ounces, linseed oil 6 ounces, white Burgundy pitch 2 ounces, Spanish white 3 pounds. The lime to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for twenty-seven square yards—two coats.

TO WHITEN RED HANDS.—Procure a pair of kid gloves that are much too large for your hands, smear the insides with a mixture prepared as described below, and wear them occasionally at night, while you are sleeping: Fresh eggs, two; oil of sweet almonds, two teaspoonfuls; rose water, one ounce; tincture of benzine, thirty-six grains. First beat the eggs and oil together, and then add the rose water and tincture.